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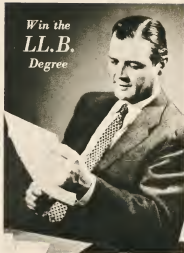
CASE #1 Jones wrote Smith making an offer. Smith wrote his acceptance and mailed it. Then he decided to call it off and telegraphed Jones to that effect. Jones got the telegram before he did the letter. May he hold Smith to the contract?

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CONFIDENTIAL DETECTIVE

APRIL, 1960

CASES

VOL 10, NO. 6

Three men died, each after he had had a dinner date with the gorgeous blonde...

See page 12



Supposed to be a prize catch, he turned out to be Dracula-type husband...

See page 36



"I'm no monster," the accused torch-murderess said. "It was only an accident..."

See page 24



OFFICIAL TRUE CRIME CASES

BIG-TIME MOB LEADER AND THE BLONDE MURDER JINX

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She was a gorgeous bundle of hard luck—especially to racket bosses and Murder, Inc. hoods. But Little Augie wasn't scared—till the night her jinx worked on him.

SHE STABBED HIM—RATHER THAN SHARE HIM!

18

With a swift motion, she drove the knife into his chest—up to the handle. Then she yanked the phone from his hand and yelled to the blonde at the other end: "Listen to him moan... I killed him!"

BACK-DOOR LOVER'S DOUBLE-DEATH REVENGE

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Behind every blind in town, and in every bar—there were whispers about the judge's pretty wife. Then, one night the gossip was confirmed—in bullets and in blood...

OHIO'S PASSION KILLING

TORCH-SLAYER HELLCAT

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The fire that ate her love rival's body roared for hours, but it couldn't consume all the evidence of the blonde's furious passions.

PARADE OF THE GRAVE-BOUND REDHEADS

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One by one, Frankie promised his girls the moon—love, marriage... But when they tried to collect, he paid them off—in cold murder.

JEALOUS FURY KILLS THE NIGHT-CLUB HOSTESS

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"Put down the gun," she begged. "I'll never, never look at another guy..."

"THE DAMES ALL DIE FOR ME!"

36

The startling true story of a first-class heel who used lies, bigamy, even murder, to keep his women in line.

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CALLING ALL CARS

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Crime photographers go where the sirens blow.

CONFIDENTIAL'S INSIDE STORY SPECIAL MEET THE DEVIL'S SISTER

8

She never flinched as she helped him carry out his terrible crimes in the basement of the house on 26th Street.

A STERLING MAGAZINE

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YUMA, ARIZONA

Handcuffed Ford Ove Zeppenfield is brought in after being turned over by Mexican authorities. He is wanted for questioning in the slaying of dancer Lillian Lenorak (inset).



LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Smiling, stripper Candy Barr is brought to Sheriff's office by matron and detective, when Mickey Cohen withdrew \$15,000 bond guarantee he posted after her last narcotics conviction.



ALBANY, NEW YORK

Eighteen-year-old Carol Godfrey, a fireman's wife, is carried from her apartment, strapped and chained to a stretcher, after she went "berserk" and allegedly held police at bay with a rifle for an hour.



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First she gave the corpse a haircut, then washed his blood off the floor. But in spite of her efforts, crime was traced to her.

Meet the DEVIL'S SISTER



**She never flinched as she helped
him carry out his terrible crimes in the
basement of the house on 26th Street...**

By WALTER BYRNE

ALTHOUGH a heavy rainfall had left the ground soggy, two men were out hunting for stray golf balls that might have been lost during the previous season. They plodded around in the mud, poking under masses of sodden leaves with their sticks.

They were searching in a lonely spot on the rim of the Erie, Pennsylvania, Golf Club course, about two miles off Route '99. After a vicious hook or a slice here, a player might have abandoned his shot. With the wartime shortage of golf balls still not over, the men had decided to anticipate the season and hunt down the strays. It was four o'clock on this afternoon of Wednesday,

March 6, 1946, when they approached a clump of trees.

Suddenly their attention was drawn by a curious mound of mud and debris. "That's a peculiar shape," one of the men said.

He took a mashie by the shank and began prying at the mound, scraping away the soggy covering with the head of his club. Then he recoiled. "It's a body!" he cried. "This guy was covered with mud and leaves, and the rain has washed most of it away."

"We'd better tell the police right away!" his friend said. "Come on. Let's get away from here."

AT the Edinboro Road, they came across Troopers James Bartlett and

Joseph Lauteria, who were on traffic duty, and told them the news. The State Police officers radioed their barracks at Lawrence Park and hurried back to the scene with the two witnesses.

The first officials to arrive were Erie County Sheriff Paul Babbitt, Acting County Detective John Coates, Assistant District Attorney Damian McLaughlin and Sergeant John Mehallick of the State Police. Closely following came Deputy Coroner W. A. Firman.

They proceeded at once to dig out the rest of the body. Then, examining it, they said that it was a man between twenty-five and thirty years old, with closely-cropped, light-brown hair and greenish eyes, about five-feet-eight inches tall and weighing between 140 and 160 pounds.

The odd manner in which the man was dressed and the condition of his clothing bewildered the investigators. He wore what appeared to be Navy-issue shorts and an undershirt, mud-caked and blood-spattered. His dark trousers, beltless, were rolled down around his ankles.

He wore no socks and only one tan, summer, web-type shoe. The only contents of his trouser pockets were sixty-five cents in silver, a white handkerchief with a colored border and two keys.

WHILE Dr. Firman scraped the mud and leaves from the body and began his examination, Mehallick, noted for his success in criminal investigation, and Coates began exploring the scene.

On the summit of a small hill about a hundred yards away, they found evidence of a struggle. Not far away were deep tire tracks of two or more cars and a considerable churning up of the

The bloodstains Millie couldn't wash off. Officers examine spot in the basement where victim's head rested after he was murdered.



This
lady
of
the
night
has
taken
her
last
walk!



The swinging purse... the swaying hips... the sensuous body against the lamp-post... then, the sudden glint of a knife... a choked scream... fleeing footsteps
and over and over he would repeat his brutal, compulsive act of killing!

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WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT

Double-crossing two sets of double-crossers was bound to be fatal for Robert Fischer, above. Left, detectives with killer, seated.

turf, as though at least one of the cars had been stuck in the mud.

Mehallick and Coates followed a line from this spot to the makeshift grave and discovered marks which indicated that the body had been dragged. Closer to where the body lay was a blood-stained shirt. The neckband had been cut away to remove the laundry marks.

Walking closer to the body, Mehallick suddenly stooped and picked up a .25 caliber automatic pistol of Belgian manufacture. Five shots had been fired from its clip. "Looks like one of those war souvenirs," the sergeant said. "There's quite a number of those things around these parts now."

Doubt about that was instantly removed when Firman said five bullets were embedded in the man's head. In addition, the coroner said, the dead man had been given a very severe beating. He had suffered a number of injuries, any one of which would have caused death.

"Any clues to his identification?" Mehallick asked.

Firman nodded. "I've just examined his teeth," he said, "and there is some very distinctive dental work. He has a prominent upper-front gold tooth and two porcelain-covered front teeth with gold inlay rims. Any dentist would recognize that work."

"That would be a helpful clue," the sergeant said significantly. "If the victim came from around these parts, but this job has all the earmarks of a gang ride, with the usual disdain of this type of criminal for the ability of the police. It was careless to toss that gun away near the body, but whoever did it may have had an ace in the hole there. There

is a possibility that we may not be able to trace the weapon."

The mention of a gang killing stirred Sheriff Babbitt's interest. "This may be an offshoot of that Danny Meyers murder in Pittsburgh last week," he said. "Meyers was involved in a gang war which extended into Kentucky. Three other unsolved murders are linked up to it."

"The Pittsburgh authorities should be notified about this at once," McLaughlin said. "I'll phone the prosecutor down there and see what can be learned."

At the same time, County Detective Coates also had a suggestion. "A farmer from Cambridge Springs disappeared two weeks ago," he said, "and we've been looking for him since. He could be this fellow."

McLaughlin admitted this possibility and requested him to contact relatives of the missing farmer and have them attempt identification.

"How long do you think this man has been here?" Mehallick then asked the coroner.

"Possibly since Monday night," Dr. Firman replied. "It's lucky we had all that rain since then. Otherwise he might have remained hidden under this cover of mud and leaves for an indefinite period."

"The body was removed to the morgue at a local hospital where Corporal Bernard J. Moran of the Butler State Police barracks took the victim's fingerprints for comparison with Army, Navy and FBI records. Then the body was turned over to Dr. K. L. Burt, the institution's pathologist, for an autopsy."

After the Lawrence Park barracks, commanded by Lieutenant John Bricker,

assumed charge of the case, Mehallick was joined by Sergeant William Schauers and Corporal C. M. Mathias.

This trio of experienced homicide investigators first took tire-print impressions at the golf course, then scanned the terrain for additional clues. Their search, however, did not turn up a single new lead.

Their next step was to turn the .25 caliber Belgian pistol over to C. W. Condon, of the alcohol tax unit of the Treasury Department. Condon reported that forty guns of Belgian make had been brought back from overseas and registered with him, and began checking the serial number with those on his list.

MEANWHILE, County Detective Coates had made a significant discovery in connection with the Cambridge Springs farmer. According to his relatives, this man had once undergone a severe operation for mastoid trouble. In checking with Dr. Burt, Coates discovered that the murdered man had no such scar. This eliminated the missing farmer as the victim.

The local police and the district attorney's office likewise had made no progress with their theory that the crime might have been connected with the slaying of Meyers. The Pittsburgh authorities had reported that they knew of no gang suspects who fitted the victim's description.

At the height of the investigation Wednesday night, Erie Police Lieutenant Paul W. Schaaf at headquarters received a telephone call from a woman who said she wanted to report that a

(Continued on page 40)

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The last sex... Janice Drake lies dead in the big black Caddy—the body of Little Augie slumped beside her. Right—Janice when she was popular GI pin-up.

She was one gorgeous bundle of hard luck—especially to racket bosses and Murder, Inc. hoods... But Little Augie wasn't scared—until the night her built-in jinx worked on him—and on her



After dinner with Janice, Nat Nelson got his. Policeman points to bloodstained couch where his body was found.



New York's Gangland Slayings of the

BIG-TIME MOB LEADER and the BLONDE MURDER JINX

by JACK LEEDS

JANICE Hansen Drake was blonde and lovely. She was beautifully built—small in the waist, and her silken thighs and shapely legs were breathtaking. She had a sweet, photogenic smile and a nice sway to her walk, and she won a lot of beauty contests. She had only one imperfection, but it was a flaw most men would be inclined to overlook, unless they were the nervous type.

For all the attractions that Nature had so generously heaped on her, Janice was a jinx. She was one gorgeous bundle of hard luck. Her capacity for bringing misfortune to others was, happily, limited. Her power as a bad luck charm seemed to work most often on men who took her out to dinner. For certain men, it was equivalent to breaking bread with Death. There were men immune to this whammy, notably her own husband, Alan Drake, the night club comedian. But for others, it was "Eat tonight with Janice, and tomorrow you're gone, a corpse with bullet holes." It didn't happen every day, but it happened often enough to make a nervous man think twice about winning and dining the lovely blonde.

Plainly, Little Augie Pisano had no such qualms. He was a great man for horses—he reportedly once ran a stable of twenty for the late Al (Scarface) Capone—and yet he lacked the superstitions that generally dog the breed. Rumor had it he was seen in Janice's company frequently. He was a daring man, in his own peculiar way, and one might almost say he ate with her just to prove she couldn't jinx him.

But then he had a powerful antidote for whammies, his own native streak of good luck. Augie had been lucky, as he could tell you, since childhood. He was only a tot, scrounging around the streets of Brooklyn, when he had what he considered the good fortune to make friends with another tot—Capone. The friendship lasted a long time and largely because of it, Little Augie became a big man. Not physically. His full height, even with elevator shoes, was only a shade above five feet.

Albert Anastasia was killed in a barber shop. Just the night before he had taken dinner with Janice. It took five slugs to kill him.



AUGIE (his real name was Anthony E. Carfano) started his career run-

JUST A COUPLE OF PALS —TWO OF A KIND



Little Augie, right, was proud of his association with Al Capone. It made him feel like a real lucky guy. At left is Capone, a broad grin on his face after arrest on a minor charge. Flanking him are two State's Attorneys.



ning a speakeasy, catering primarily to politicians and mobsters, opposite the Long Island Railroad depot on Brooklyn's Atlantic Avenue. This was in the 1920's. Before the 20's ended, he was right-hand man to Frankie Yale, Brooklyn's top gang leader, and when Frankie was knocked off, Little Augie took command—so they say. By whose order? Such orders were never announced publicly, but Scarface's hand was seen in it. Or rather his beer. The needle beer Pisano's boys distributed to Brooklyn's speakeas had a remarkable resemblance, in flavor and quality, to the stuff that Capone's men were peddling in Newark, New Jersey. Capone in New Jersey? His headquarters was, of course, in Chicago, but Al had a long and greedy reach. Eventually, Little Augie, whose nickname would undoubtedly have been "Lucky Augie" if he hadn't been so short, became Capone's East Coast representative.

All smart mobsters shun publicity, and Little Augie was smart, but in New York's 1929 Mayoralty campaign, he made headlines. Former Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, running for Mayor as the Square Deal candidate, charged Augie was Capone's lieutenant and added, "He supplies the Tammany clubhouses throughout the city with needed beer and uses five trucks, nine limousines and two boats." Enright went on to say that the aforesaid beer, as well as rum, was assured delivery by the city cops themselves, who drove Little Augie's cars and boats. The tiny mobster's influence went higher than the police department, according to Enright. He said Mayor Jimmy Walker was Augie's "very good friend." Walker angrily denied the compliment.

Fiorello H. LaGuardia, campaigning as a Republican, accused Augie of aiding Walker by using musclemen to intimidate Italian voters who might otherwise have favored LaGuardia. Augie blandly admitted he was an active worker for Walker, but called the other charges "hot air."

Little Augie weathered that storm, and his luck carried him through many others. On a hot July evening in 1930, half a dozen hoods, whose mob leader resented Capone's spreading influence in New York, rode out to a speakeasy on Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn. Like the one on Atlantic Avenue, it was owned by Little Augie. The place had been carefully cased. Little Augie dropped into it, to collect the take and to chat awhile with cronies. This always took place at a regular time. He never changed his routine, and the hoods were certain he would be there—and they

would be waiting for him. And when they were through, he would be dead.

So they thought.

When they arrived, they discovered that Little Augie had been called away on business and had left only five minutes earlier. The hoods were so mad, they lined up everyone in the saloon—including several Capone mobsters—forced them to strip and took all their cash and valuables. But they said enough during the stick-up to let them all know they hadn't really come to pull a heist, but to bump off Augie. And from then on, Augie changed his routine and increased his bodyguard.

A month later, Kings County District Attorney George A. Brower served notice that all mobsters in Brooklyn had forty-eight hours to get out of the borough—and stay out. As a starter, he sent for Augie. Augie wasn't around. He was up in Saratoga, tenderly superintending Capone's stable. But he came down to Brooklyn next morning and strolled into Brower's office, accompanied, of course, by a lawyer. Little Augie and Brower had a nice talk during which Augie asserted he was not in the beer, laundry, garbage or slot machine rackets, as some suspected, and that his income was derived solely from racing his horses. He owned them, not Capone. He knew Capone, he admitted, but "only in a social way."

Augie no longer lived in Brooklyn and for a while no longer did business there. But a year later, there were insistent reports that he had moved in again, and what's more, had taken over a racket new to him, policy, which netted a take of \$50,000 a day for its sponsors.

AS he grew richer, Augie grew heavier. He acquired a bull neck. His eyes seemed, in the fat of his face, smaller and also colder. His tailor had more trouble giving him the svelte look.

Augie continued on to higher achievements. He joined forces with Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, who subsequently died in Sing Sing's electric chair, and together they squeezed money out of the New York garment industry. Little Augie continued to go in for election slugging. A prostitute called him Brooklyn's vice overlord. There were charges that he was shaking down laundry operators under threat of death. Six times he was arrested for murder. In one instance, the Union City, New Jersey, police were convinced they had him, that he had participated

in the slaying by hoods of Police Sergeant James F. Knight. He was grabbed in Brooklyn, and the Jersey cops hurried over with a key witness. But the witness failed to identify Augie as one of the killers, and he was set free.

With prohibition's fall, Little Augie, like others of his kind, went into legitimate business, although authorities suspected he still kept his hand in whatever rackets survived. He had a fine home in Atlantic Beach, Long Island, and a wife and son, and lived the quiet life. On occasion, he went to the track or visited a night club in town. Winters, he sunned himself in Miami.

He became interested in a rising young comedian, to whom he occasionally gave a helping hand.

This gets us back to Janice Drake, the blonde jinx, and how that jinx worked against Little Augie's luck . . .

SHE was born thirty-two years ago. She was raised in Weehawken, a pleasant residential town atop the Jersey Palisades, overlooking the Hudson River. She went to high school where her quick-blooming figure and fine legs made her a drum majorette. She won two beauty contests before she graduated. She was named "Miss Fox Theatres" and "Miss Palisades Park." Shortly after graduation, she competed with hundreds of other girls to get into the Miss America contest. She was voted "Miss New Jersey" and sent to the world-famed beauty pageant in Atlantic City. But someone else got the Miss America title. However, there were other beauty contests to be won, and she did win twenty-nine of them. Among other victories, she was voted the owner of "the most beautiful legs in the United States."

Photographs of Janice, with emphasis on the gams, of course, appeared in newspapers, and GIs began adorning their walls with them. She decided to get into show business. She landed a job as a dancer in New York's Latin

Quarter. There she met a lot of interesting people, including underworld people, and was warned about this repeatedly. She would shrug her pretty shoulders and say, "I can take care of myself."

She met Alan Drake and married him, in 1945. They had a child, now thirteen.

Comedian Drake, who had started his career as a taxi driver in Florida, had a close friend, old enough to be his father. Drake called him "Uncle Gus." "Uncle Gus" was a short, stocky man with graying hair and a genial face—genial, that is, until you got a good look at the eyes.

"He was a great advisor," Drake once said of Uncle Gus. "He loaned me money to buy material. But he never took two cents from me. He told me I made him happy. He said my silliness had intelligence to it. He said I should underdress—not try to look flashy."

Soon, Drake's wife got to addressing Drake's friend as Uncle Gus. So did their son.

Uncle Gus was none other than Anthony Carfano, alias Little Augie Pisano.

JANICE took off on her maiden voyage as an after-dinner jinx seven years ago. The first victim was Nat Nelson, a thirty-seven-year-old dress manufacturer. Nelson was quite a man with the womenfolk, although he was built on the round side, with a paunch and big jowl. One of his dress models, a pretty twenty-two-year-old named Sandra Kelly, once wrote Nelson a message saying, "What I am doing is your fault." Then she jumped from a hotel window.

Nelson's assets were amiability and a flair for bigtime spending. He was not one of the underworld characters against whom Janice had been warned, but he did have a business associate, James Palmieri, who had once served time for extortion.

JANICE—AN INNOCENT VICTIM OF GANGLAND MURDER?—OR A KNOWING ACCOMPLICE OF THE KING PINS OF THE UNDERWORLD?

"She was too trusting. Maybe that was her trouble," one friend said of Janice after she was killed. But D.A. O'Connor took another view: "She had been known to have consorted with known criminals all of her life. She is considered to have been top flight in the higher echelons of the underworld," he said.



AFTER IDENTIFICATION — TEARS FOR A DEAD WIFE

Left, Janice as she looked in a parade of Miss New Jersey contestants. Below, Alan Drake, her comedian husband, weeps for her after he identified her body in the morgue. "She was my drive," he said. "She softened me."



On the night of February 9, 1952, Nelson took Janice to dinner. Then, with others, they launched on a gay round of night clubs. The party broke up in Greenwich Village rather early—one-thirty a.m. Nelson escorted Janice home. And that was the last time she saw him alive. The following afternoon Nelson was found dead from two bullet wounds in his lavishly furnished bachelor apartment at 360 West 55th Street. Janice, to say nothing of Palmieri, were among those interrogated by police, but they were unable to shed any light on the mystery, which is still unsolved.

THE next man to encounter the whammy was none other than Albert Anastasia, a bigshot in the policy game and other rackets. A couple of decades ago, when the notorious Murder, Inc., gang flourished in Brooklyn, Anastasia was even more of a bigshot. He was known as Murder, Inc.'s Lord High Executioner.

At ten a.m., October 25, 1957, Anastasia entered the barber shop of Manhattan's Park Sheraton Hotel at Seventh Avenue and 55th Street, parked his bulk in a barber's chair and said, "Shave and a haircut." The barber wrapped a strip of gauze around his neck, then snapped a sheet over his body; in a matter of minutes, the sheet would become a shroud.

Under the spell of snipping scissors, Anastasia's heavy eyelids closed. Seconds later, as though impending doom had cast a sudden chill on him, he opened his eyes. And there was doom. Two men flanked him. Both wore sunglasses and both carried guns. The quaking barber stood to one side.

Anastasia threw up his left arm in a protective gesture. Two bullets ripped into his left hand. Another tore into his left hip. He came out of the chair, stumbling, groping, eyes dimming. Then suddenly he stopped seeing, as a fourth bullet crashed into his skull. Before he fell dead to the floor, a fifth bullet plowed into his back.

Yes, you guessed it. Only the night before, Anastasia had dined with Janice Drake. Little Augie was also present, but there were no bullets for him.

A wiser man, or a more superstitious one, would have shied away from Janice then and there. But Little Augie apparently had a lot of faith in his lucky star. He was convinced that when he died, it would be at a ripe old age and in a nice comfortable bed, at his home in Atlantic Beach, Long Island with maybe his wife and son, at the bedside—and no blonde jinx on earth could change it.

IT was the night of September 26, 1959, a clear, warmish evening. The sixty-one-year-old Augie, "underdressed," as he liked to put it, in a beautifully tailored dark-blue suit, drove up to the glittering Copacabana at 10 East 60th Street in his long black Cadillac. He beckoned to the doorman and told him to park the Caddy somewhere nearby. Then he went into the club.

Purely by chance, he ran into an old friend—lean, greying Anthony (Tony Bender) Strollo, rackets boss of Greenwich Village. They exchanged small talk. Strollo mentioned that he was having dinner at Marino's Restaurant, five blocks away on Lexington Avenue south of 58th Street, and Augie said he was going there, too; he would see him there. Augie left Strollo and drifted over to the Copa bar, where he joined two women.

One was Janice, fetching in a black, off-the-shoulder cocktail dress, white gloves and stone marten stole. The other was the wife of a stockbroker who was president of a Wall Street firm reportedly under probe by the State Attorney General's office and the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Augie and the ladies had a cocktail together and then walked out. Augie didn't want to fool around, waiting for the doorman to fetch his Cadillac, so he hailed a taxi. The trio went to Marino's, where they met the stockbroker husband of the other woman. Then they joined Strollo at his table.

Janice ordered filet of sole. Little Augie had a thick, juicy filet mignon, accompanied by a large side platter of spaghetti with clam sauce. He found the sauce so delicious, he called over the head waiter and asked for the recipe, which he carefully wrote down.

As they ate, Little Augie remarked that there was a pretty good fight on television at ten p.m. and he wanted to leave the restaurant in time to catch it. Apparently he intended to watch TV at Janice's flat at 63-60 102d Street in fashionable Forest Hills, Queens. Janice, too, wanted to leave early, because her young son was all alone. Her husband was in Washington, filling an engagement at the Lotus Club.

There was still plenty of time, though, and Little Augie and the others chattered away.

A waiter suddenly appeared and told Augie, "There's a phone call for you, sir. You can take it at the bar, if you like."

"Okay," said Augie. He turned to the others. "Excuse me," Augie had acquired quite a polish since the old rough-and-ready days of beer-running.

He strolled over to the bar, but there was nothing casual about him when he returned to the table. He was pale and agitated. "I gotta go now," he said. "I got a date in Queens. I gotta go there in a hurry."

With a brusque, imperious gesture, he dropped a fat wad of greenbacks on the table, to cover the entire tab and the tips. Apparently he intended to take a cab to the Copa to get his Cadillac, but as luck would have it, he spotted an acquaintance who was just about to leave and asked the man, a jewelry salesman, if he would be kind enough to pick up the Caddy and drive it back to Marino's.

Augie and Janice said goodbye and went outside to wait. The black Cadillac appeared and stopped, and the salesman got out. Augie thanked him, and Augie and Janice got into the car and rode off.

The time was 9:45 p.m.

SLIGHTLY more than half an hour later, a man living at 24-49 94th Street, Jackson Heights, Queens, was enjoying a cup of coffee when he was startled to hear a shot. There were several shots, then silence.

Another man, who also heard the shots, stuck his head out the window and saw a long black car parked in front of 24-50 95th Street. He also saw two men running from the car. They disappeared into the night. He grabbed his phone and called police.

When radio cops arrived at the scene, they found the long black car partly on the curb. It was a Cadillac,

Augie's, and Augie was in it and so was Janice. Another dinner companion of Janice's had gotten his, but this time Janice had gotten hers, too.

Both were dead. Janice was seated stiffly upright, unseeing blue eyes staring straight through the windshield. Little Augie was sprawled with his head in her lap. Each had been killed with three bullets. Each had two bullet wounds in the head and one in the back of the neck. Police believed the killers sat behind them when the guns were fired.

THE Homicide Squad was summoned, and a police official identified Little Augie on sight. A detective started going through the little racketeer's pockets. "Look at this," he said, waving a scrap of paper. "A recipe for clam sauce. I never thought Little Augie went in for cooking—"

"Skip the gags," growled a police inspector, "and keep looking through his pockets. We need every clue we can get. These gang-style kills are never easy to crack."

The detective next came up with a silver money clip inscribed "From Joe and Jenny." It held \$1,500 in fifty- and one hundred-dollar bills and there was \$433 more stuffed in another pocket. "That kills robbery as a motive," said the inspector.

Finally, the detective produced a small red address book that turned out to be a Social Register of Mobland. The names in it included:

Tony Strollo.

Frank Costello, gambling king who narrowly missed assassination not long ago and at the moment was serving five years in a federal penitentiary for income tax evasion.

Vincent Mauro, a hoodlum said to be Strollo's chief lieutenant.

Frank Erickson, bigtime bookie who was recently interrogated in the investigation of the promotion of the Patterson-Johansson heavyweight championship fight.

Mike Miranda, a delegate to the 1957 gang convention in Apalachin, New York.

Sol Cileto, labor racketeer.

Louis Saperstein, Newark, New Jersey, insurance broker.

Saperstein was one of the few non-racket names in the book. In 1954, Saperstein, who reportedly made huge commissions in handling union (Continued on page 72)



TOMB FOR GANGLAND'S HERO...

Little Augie, left, had a hand in every racket known in New York City—slot machines, garbage, beer, laundry. Right, his wife and father-in-law leave his mausoleum after interment.



She Stabbed Him- Rather than SHARE Him!

She was a one-man dame, and she wanted Vincent Perino to return the compliment. But he wasn't built that way. When she grew weary of sharing him, of his broken promises and his time spent with a blonde rival, she plunged a knife into him—in a frenzy of frustration. Here she's shown leaving police wagon. Unidentified man, left.



For years, Vincent "Jumpy" Perino managed to keep three women happy. None of them wanted him to die, not even the one who knifed him. She's sorry now, but it's too late.

With a swift motion, she drove the knife into his chest—up to the handle. Then she yanked the phone from his hand and yelled to the blonde at the other end: "Listen to him moan . . . I killed him! You'll never see him again . . ."

by KURT JASPER

DOROTHY Chadwick came out of the beauty shop and walked down the street, and all along the sidewalk, men eyed her. Not that the beauty shop had done anything for her. She worked there. Nature had done things for her. She was twenty-three, five-feet-nine, statuesque. She had a complexion like homogenized cream. She had thick, dark-red hair. Her mouth was red and soft-looking and full, made for kissing. But right now, it looked as though it would be not only sweet to the taste, but bitter.

She was all in. Her feet ached. She had been on her feet all day. Her fingers ached. She had been fooling around with women's hair for hours, cutting it, shaping it, softening it, curling it, humming it. Some of those women, compared to her, were downright frumps, but they did all right. They did more than all right. They had husbands—husbands they wanted—husbands who wanted them, bought em diamonds, gave them fancy apartments to live in—anything their little hearts desired. All they needed was a facial and a permanent and then crook their little finger, and the guy came running, like a spaniel.

They were fat, they were skinny, they were gray-haired, scrawy— (Continued on page 68)



Whatever his other faults, Vincent was a gentleman. Up to the moment he died, he refused to squeal. "I slipped on the knife," he told police.





Behind every blind in town,
and in every bar—there were
whispers about the judge's
pretty wife. Then, one night
they were all confirmed—
in bullets and in blood . . .

Mildred had had enough of
back-door romancing, and
told her lover (right) she
was calling it off. But he
couldn't see it her way,
and made shocking threats.



Her Back-door Lover's Double-Death Revenge



Police and civilian posse, which included skilled woodsmen, swarm wooded area at Wind Gap to flush out fugitive who was wanted for sensational double slaying.

by **STAN FERRARI**

IT was only a matter of time before something went haywire, and what would happen then was anybody's guess.

The whole business began simply enough, goodness knows, back in the summer of 1951. It was just—well, there was this guy, Dan Falcone, and this gal, Mildred Daneker, who worked in the same plant, and they kidded back and forth and had a lot of laughs. Dan was the foreman of the Palmer Shirt

Company in Palmerton, Pennsylvania, and Mildred had a job in the stamping room. It was a small outfit, and everybody knew each other. They all had to admit that Falcone and Mildred were real cards.

Dan came into the room where Mildred worked one day, all efficiency and self-importance. He looked ready to snap someone's head off, and the work-

ers wondered uneasily what was eating him. Then, suddenly, Mildred turned toward him, gave a mock salaam, and said, "Hail, O, Chief!"

Falcone, startled, had to work to keep a straight face, and he pointed a quivering finger at her and yelled, "Get thee to work, slave girl!" The act busted up the tension and set things right for the day, and from then on Falcone came into the stamping room, ready for Mildred's little sallies.



Because everyone in town knew the Danekers (photo right), public interest in the case ran high. Barred from hearing, crowds wait in street to see suspect (arrow).

They exaggerated courtesies by bowing deeply or saying "How do you do, sir,"—or madame—instead of "Hi," or "Hello," and when Dan showed her some new device or technique, she was excessively solemn during the demonstration. And when he looked up at her, he'd burst out laughing. Nobody thought anything more about it than that they were funny together. Why should they? Mildred was a woman of thirty-six who had a young son. She sang in the Congregational Church Choir, and her husband was Matthew Daneker, a church deacon and the town's justice of the peace. And Falcone, though married and divorced twice, was a former State Trooper who had recently been elected a borough councilman at Bangor, Pennsylvania. Who would think that their banter meant anything?

At first, they didn't think so themselves. But the jokes, the harmless pleasantries, the mock flattery, the companionable pats on the back, and the broad winks to indicate a jest, began to be events each of them looked forward to on going to work in the morning. Mildred, who used to keep Matt waiting when he drove her to work, now was prodding him to hurry up. And Dan, who thought he'd reached the millenium when he was made foreman and councilman in the same year, now knew that there still was plenty to be desired.

THE detonator to the whole explosive romance was a joke on Fal-



cone that everyone in the stamping room laughed at. Dan turned to Mildred, who'd made the joke, and grabbed her hand and, in an imitation of Jackie Gleason, said, "Oh, you're . . . a . . . living . . . doll!"

Dan was completely unprepared for what happened next. She squeezed his hand fiercely, trembling, and whispered, so that no one could hear, "I wish you meant that!" She relaxed her grip, gave another sudden squeeze, as of understanding, and let his hand go.

Dan was rattled, and his lips were dry. He whirled away from Mildred as she bent over the work bench, and blurted some pointless question at the woman at the next bench. From then on, they both knew, and the secret romance was started in earnest.

ON September 25th, after a week of hungry looks and idle-seeming banter, Mildred was at her workbench during noon hour when Dan walked by. She called to him, and when he stop-

ped, she opened her purse and showed him her driver's license. "This is where I live," she said.

Someone came in the door at that moment and Dan walked away, not quite believing what he'd heard. He knew Mildred's husband, and it seemed absurd to think that she wanted him, Dan, to come to her home to see her.

A little later in the afternoon, she pressed a note into his hand. He took it out into the corridor and read: "*Could we make it Friday night about 8:15? My husband attends a meeting . . . on that evening . . . It's the only house with awnings on the right side going up. Please destroy this note.*" There were no doubts now in his mind, and when he went back into the stamping room, he caught Mildred's eye and nodded slowly. He'd be there, all right. Mildred winked devilishly.

MILDRED was a honey-haired blonde with grey eyes, a thin, patrician nose, and a wide, soft mouth. She had a dimple in her chin, a flower-petal complexion, and a slim, strong build. She was married to a man who was quite fat, and not at all good-looking, and the hard-muscled and handsome Falcone just set her yearning. He was fifty-one and looked years younger, and she sensed that he had been around plenty. Her note to him wasn't a whim. She needed him like she'd never needed anything else in her life.

That was what she thought beforehand, but after that first date she realized that she'd never even known what life was until she met Dan. The illicit part of their affair began that night at her house, and Dan left well before Matthew's arrival home. The next day, which was Saturday, she got up, dreaming dreams, forgetting all about Matthew, not hearing half the words he said to her that day. He asked if she was ill, and she nodded absently.

It wasn't until she sat down and wrote a letter to Dan that she began to get squared away. It was a lot she got off her mind. It was the first of a correspondence of ninety-six letters between the two lovers, all of which were, for some curious reason, kept by both of them, despite the danger of discovery.

*My beloved,
... I love you . . . Oh, but my arms ache to be with you . . . I could lie in your arms for hours, days, weeks, years, forever and ever . . . It was such a thrilling experi-* (Continued on page 44)



Mrs. Fedon spotted fugitive when he bought cigarettes, and she quickly notified police.



The Danecker couple were headed for the Trinity Church steps when fired upon.



Cpl. Barclay (left) holds fugitive, captured after hiding in woods more than three days. Police Chief W. L. Templeton and Rush Bowers, justice of peace, who caught Falcone.



Ohio's Passion Killing —

TORCH-SLAYER HELLCAT

The lie detector got the blonde's confession out of her. "I shouldn't have let you put that machine on me," she told investigators. With her are Chief Henry Sundman, left, and Detective Eugene Moore, right. Detective Wilbert Stagenhorst is seen in the background.

The fire that ate her love rival's body roared for hours, but it could not consume all the murder evidence of the blonde's furious passions

by ARTHUR K. MARTIN

THE little four-year-old girl clapped her hands happily. "Mommy's taking us for a ride!" Her delight was duplicated by two younger children.

The car was old, but had been washed recently. The inside smelled strongly of cleaning fluid. The blonde woman with the stern face placed a toddler on the back seat and held the door open for the other two. "Don't let the baby

fall," she warned as the children joyfully scrambled into the vehicle.

She closed and latched the doors and seated herself behind the wheel. With only a brief glance at the trim house on Bloomingdale Road in Cincinnati, Ohio, she drove away. The children eagerly pressed their faces against the windows as the car passed smoothly along the city's traffic arteries and headed for the suburbs.

It was October 31st, and fall had colored the foliage with bright hues. The cool, brisk air was scented by a

Killed Rival, Burned Body, Says Blonde

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 15 (AP)—A 40-year-old blonde who was admitted today she killed her lover because of the condition of his body.

Nov. 15 (AP)—A 40-year-old blonde who was admitted today she killed her lover because of the condition of his body.

fragrant mixture of burning leaves and damp grass. The car moved steadily through the sunlight day.

"Ooh! Look! all the trees!" the little girl squealed. Her pudgy fingers pointed at areas of timber growth. The other children took up the cry.

"All right, quiet down!" the woman snapped. The children stopped for a while, then resumed their chattering. The woman ignored them. Her face was twisted into a thoughtful scowl.

Pretty Betty Bergen went voluntarily to meet the woman who secretly hated her. She was never seen alive again. When her body was brought in to the morgue, even her own mother could not recognize her.





"I WAS AFRAID OF FINGERPRINTS"

Asked why she had burned the body, Edythe explained it was, "not so much to destroy it, but because I was so afraid of evidence that might point to me."

She was still scowling when she drove into the service station at Mount Washington. She took an empty can from the floor beside her and stepped out.

"Be quiet," she admonished the children and walked to the pump.

The young attendant took the can. "Fill this up?" he asked.

The woman nodded and fumbled with a change purse. "Gonna burn some leaves?" the youth asked, as he put the nozzle of the pump hose into the spout. "It sure makes them go fast. But you gotta be careful the fire don't spread—"

He went through a series of routine remarks about the dangers of burning fall leaves. The woman listened without comment. She watched the red fluid gurgie into the can. When the attendant had replaced the cap, she paid him and, without a word, went back to her car.

The inside of the vehicle reeked with the smell of raw gasoline. The blonde, however, was too preoccupied with her thoughts, and the children in the back seat were too busy watching the scenery, to care.

WHEN the car turned into the little-used country road, the children shrieked excitedly at the flaming colors in the trees around them. Tires bumped over the rough road. The auto rolled through the stillness of the countryside. Enough foliage remained to cut off most of the bright sunshine as the car rolled to a stop near some dense shadows.

Once more, the woman opened the door. The children scrambled to follow her. "Stay here!" she snapped. Three pairs of eyes with hurt expressions followed her as she walked around the auto. They peered out the rear window as she opened the trunk. The lid hid her movements from view until she had walked some distance toward the trees, carrying a burden.

"Oob, look!" the little girl cried. "It's a big dolly."

The boy beside her was a realist. "It's a lady," he pronounced positively.

THE woman and her burden disappeared into the shadows of the woods. She returned briefly to pick up the can of gasoline and to warn the children once more not to leave the car.

The children waited, bounced up and down on the seat cushions, tried to spot a bird or a squirrel and hardly noticed the dense smoke that rolled upward from the wooded area where the blonde woman had disappeared.

When she came back, wiping smoke from her eyes, the woman was minus her burden. She locked the car trunk and resumed her position behind the wheel. In thoughtful silence she drove along the country road until it approached Lake Cowan. At a wide point, she made a U-turn and drove back to the main thoroughfare. At a roadside stand, she bought the children some ice cream and Halloween masks. One of them was a death's head. Busy with these new delights the children soon forgot the "lady" that had been carried out of the car trunk into the woods—and the black clouds of smoke that for a few moments had billowed over the brightly-colored woods, like the wings of an angel of death.

THE smoke had long since blown away, but the smell of burnt leaves still drifted through the air the next day, when a pair of hunters marched through the wooded area near Lake Cowan. Their guns were carried across their bodies, cradled in their arms, and they peered ahead of them for signs of game. The man in the lead was so intent on his observations that he almost tripped over the



To prove her contention that the shooting of Betty Bergen was an accident, the woman on trial for her life re-enacted the crime with her attorney, William F. Hopkins. The jury was not convinced.

charred corpse on the path. He leaped back with a cry. "My God!" he breathed.

His companion came up behind him and studied the blackened horror. "It's a body!" he gasped.

The men turned and hurried to their car.

Their phone call brought Sheriff Floyd Foote of Clinton County and Sergeant Tom Morgan and Patrolman Robert Dunbar of the Ohio State Highway Patrol. The officers knelt beside the remains of what had once been a human being.

Face and features were charred caricatures of the human form. A partly-burned pearl necklace caught the sheriff's eye. "Must be a woman," he commented.

Sergeant Morgan pointed to the two rings on one charred finger. "Probably married."

Other items gave no further information on the identity of the victim, nor did they suggest the true cause of death. They did provide the investigators with a hint of what had happened, however. A few feet from the body lay a set of car keys. They belonged to a General Motors car. But there was no car in the vicinity. Sheriff Foote sifted the ashes with a stick. "The keys were probably in her purse," he commented. "It's ashes now."

The officers considered the possibilities. If the victim had driven to the spot and committed suicide in this bizarre fashion, then her car would be nearby. If the body represented the victim of a murder, then the murderer would have needed the keys if the car he used belonged to the victim.

"The only answer that seems to fit all the facts," Sheriff Foote concluded, "is that the victim was driven here in somebody else's car."

The murderer, whoever he was, had successfully burned up all the evidence that might lead to the identity of the victim.

THE Clinton County coroner examined the corpse and realized immediately that local facilities were not good enough for a thorough autopsy. The body was transferred to the well-equipped coroner's laboratory in Cincinnati. Meanwhile, the discovery was publicized, and the authorities hoped for a quick identification.

While the charred body was in too bad a state to offer a clue to the time of death, the condition of the ground where it had been found, and the scattering of the ashes by the wind, indicated that at least one day had passed since the flames roared in the area.

"Somebody, somewhere, must have missed the victim," the sheriff mused.

NEWs of the discovery of the burned corpse received headline attention in the newspapers the following day, Sunday. The call that reached state police headquarters was from a man.

"Maybe I'm all wet," he said, "but I think I know who the victim is."

He identified himself as a sales representative for a large soap manufacturing concern. "Last Thursday, the 30th, I talked to a woman who works for the Transit Company," the man explained. "She was wearing a pearl necklace and had two rings on one of her fingers."

He said the woman was Mrs. Louise Bergen. She had discussed with him the purchase of large quantities of soap products for the bus company, but their business was not completed that day. "She made an appointment to come see me the next day, Friday," the salesman went on.

When Louise Bergen did not show up, he called her office. He was told she had not reported to work that day. "I figured she had a cold or something," he told the state police. "But now—" His voice trailed off to a hush.

"What makes you think the body we found is this woman's?" he was asked.

"Well, for one thing, the car keys. She was driving an Oldsmobile, and that's a General Motors car."

"Hold on," the officer at the other end of the wire commanded. "I'm going to have the Cincinnati police contact you."

The soap company employee repeated his story to Lieutenant Orville Bakhouse a short time later, and soon after-

ward, the investigators moved quickly to the home of Louise Bergen. Her address had been obtained from an official of the transit company, who was reached at his home. The woman who came to the door was elderly. A nine-year-old girl accompanied her.

"Is Mrs. Louise Bergen home?" the lieutenant asked.

The woman shook her head. She looked worried. "I'm her mother. Have you heard from her?"

THE story the woman told fitted the facts revealed by the soap salesman. She related that her daughter had not returned from work on the night of October 30th. After Mrs. Bergen's daughter, Linda Louise, went to bed, Mrs. Van Davies sat up until three a.m., waiting for her daughter. Finally, she went to bed and tried to sleep. Early next morning, she could no longer remain patient. She phoned her daughter's estranged husband, William Bergen. The couple had separated amicably after ten years of marriage, she explained to (Continued on page 60)

ONLY AN APPEAL CAN SAVE HER NOW

The trial is over and the prisoner starts trek to the death house. With her is Garnetta Cook, matron.



California Terror Killer's

by FERGUS MACGILL

PARADE of the GRAVE-BOUND REDHEADS

One by one, Frankie promised his girls the moon—love, marriage . . . But when they tried to collect, he paid them off—in cold murder

IT'S a simple biological fact that most good-looking young men are vain about their success with the ladies and confident of their appeal to them. There is a point in the development of the normal human male when he thinks any girl he turns his eyes on must inevitably fall for him.

But in the case of young Florencio "Frank" Alcalde, the sleek-haired lover-boy of the San Francisco peninsula, he didn't just think it—he knew it. The conviction that he was absolutely irresistible to women was part of the fiber of his being. Stripped of it, he would have had nothing at all, would have been nothing at all—because girls, and dates and sex were his whole life.

By the same token, the dark-complected, curly-haired, sleekly handsome young swain was a prey to fierce jealousy and desperate possessiveness in his love life. In him, romantic nature and burning ego were fused into a psychopathic drive to captivate and dominate women.

Like his prototype, the legendary Don Juan of old Seville, Frank Alcalde demanded complete devotion and subservience on the part of his chosen females, while at the same time reserving his masculine right of the double standard, to let his own affections rove at will. He soon wearied of one conquest and went on to another; but let any girl beware of dropping him before he was tired of her!

Like Don Juan, Frank was a collector of beautiful women, and he bragged of his bedroom triumphs. The more thoughtful among his ac-



Kathleen wasn't getting any younger and she demanded marriage. That was her undoing.



The second redhead to die was Bernice Curtis. She was found face down in the mud, her face jammed among the clods and her hair matted with blood. Morgue shot, right, of the pretty divorcee, helped in her identification.



"THAT'S HERS"

Bernice Curtis' fellow employees identified clothing, held by Sheriff William J. Emig and Deputy Phil Cuffaro, as garments worn, from time to time, by the ill-fated, lovely redhead.

acquaintances, however, may have realized that, like any philanderer, he was driven not necessarily by an imperious sex urge, but by a constant frantic necessity to reassure himself of his potency, of his irresistibility.

Frank Alcalde's other dominant characteristic, linked with his jealousy and possessiveness, was his inflammable temper. He flew into a blind rage at anyone or anything that crossed him, that thwarted his arrogant career.

And finally, an integral part of all this, and still another manifestation of the young Don Juan's basic selfishness, was a certain shrewdness—a wary instinct for self-preservation that operated even in the middle of his violent flareups. Perhaps in the end it was this that provided the real key to his personality, and distinguished him from the legion of other young

men of similar type—sleek, suave, insinuating, with large liquid eyes, long sideburns and pencil-line moustache. Because, undeniably, something did distinguish Alcalde, did lift him out of his not-uncommon category and raise him to a dubious and grim eminence, after living on borrowed time for seven years. . . .

FRANK Alcalde, to his friends, was a Don Juan, even in his teens. He was the notorious wolf of the high school dances, and he had a formidable list of peninsula conquests to his record before he was twenty-one.

And he had always managed, as a typical Don Juan, to steer clear of entanglements, though sometimes it was a narrow squeak. There was talk of an abortion mess, and some ugly threats from fathers and brothers. But

like the carefree Don himself, young Alcalde went right on his merry, promiscuous way.

He was twenty-two before he got really involved for the first time — ironically, with a young woman as roving-eyed and as possessive as himself. Lovely, auburn-haired Kathleen Robinson—the tall, slim beauty with the mysterious Mona Lisa smile — didn't believe in the double standard. She thought freedom of romance should work both ways.

Kathleen was a twenty-six-year-old hachelor girl of a strong and independent turn of mind, who lived alone in a little apartment over a garage in suburban San Mateo. She worked in a laundry office, and she enjoyed life.

The willowy redhead with the seductive figure and the husky, vibrant voice had had a steady succession of boy friends, and had been engaged three or four times before she met Alcalde.

When they finally met, their similar and yet clashing temperaments soon struck fire. At first, Kathleen was just another conquest for the curly-haired Don Juan, and to her, he was just another escort to take her to the garish San Francisco night clubs that were her life's breath. But before long, the paradoxically-linked pair were tangled in a web of passion, jealousy and what passed for love.

FRANK vowed to Kathleen that he wanted to marry her, but obviously he couldn't do so till he found a steady job. Just as obviously, he wasn't looking for a job. His well-to-do parents, with whom he lived in San Bruno, gave him spending money and let him use the family car. Frank worked desultorily around his father's restaurant, picked up an odd job now and then, but mostly spent his time loafing around the taverns and gambling joints.

Kathleen, who was getting no younger, agreed that marriage might be a good idea. But till Frank could be more definite, she reserved the right to go out with other men when she felt like it. Frank railed and raged, swore dire vengeance on his rivals. But Kathleen, who knew there was small danger that her cautious lover would get involved in a duel, only smiled her tantalizing, slow smile. "You don't have any claim on me, Frank. I don't belong to any man. When you get around to giving me that ring, maybe things'll be different . . ." Her misfortune was that she didn't know this particular man well enough, didn't have the intuition to plumb fully the murky and frightening depths of his violent nature.

ON Saturday, January 26, 1935, Frank and Kathleen had their

usual Saturday night date to go nightclubbing on San Francisco's North Beach. Kathleen had some shopping to do in the afternoon, something to do with accessories for her evening outfit. At two p.m., Frank, who had dropped in at her apartment after lunch, put her on the suburban streetcar to the city.

A few minutes after nine o'clock that night, Frank, dressed in his sharp new black suit and pearl-grey hat, knocked at the door of Kathleen's landlady, Mrs. Thelma Brewer. "Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Brewer," he smiled, "but I'm looking for Kathy. I was supposed to pick her up at nine sharp, but she isn't there, and her place is dark. I thought maybe she left a message with you."

No, the Brewers hadn't seen Kathleen since morning. But about seven p.m., Brewer had noticed a light in the garage apartment, which was at the back of the lot, detached from the house. "Maybe she just stepped out for a few minutes, Frank. Why don't you come in and wait for her?"

Alcalde came in and sat chatting with the landlady and her husband. He kept looking at his watch, and as the time ticked by, his increasing anxiety communicated itself to them.

"It's odd she wouldn't call us to tell you she'd be late," Mrs. Brewer frowned. "Kathy's a very punctual girl."

When ten o'clock had passed without a sign of Kathleen nor any message from her, Alcalde and the Brewers telephoned several friends of the girl, but no one had seen her. Since there had been a light in her apartment at seven, she must have returned on schedule from her shopping trip to the city. Mrs. Brewer took her key and went back to the apartment, to confirm that it was empty.

"Something's happened to her!" Frank said. "Kathleen would *never* stand me up like this! She was so anxious to go up to the city tonight, too—we'd been planning on it all week—"

By eleven-thirty, the Brewers agreed it was time to call in the police. They drove Alcalde to the San Mateo station a few blocks away. The desk sergeant couldn't get too excited over their story. After all, Kathleen was a grown young woman, and she'd been missing only two and a half hours on a Saturday night. There could be a dozen perfectly ordinary explanations for her absence. There had been no reports of any street accidents. But at Alcalde's insistence, the sergeant picked up the telephone and began a check of peninsula hospitals.

ALCADE and the Brewers were still at the police station, just about midnight, when the call came



Police did a magnificent job in preparing circumstantial evidence in the Robinson case. Above—Officer Frank Steele examines redheaded beauty's party dress and shoes. Below—Chief Thomas Burke examines two wine glasses found in her room.



Alcalde lands in jail again, but he's not so happy, not so smug now. Jury found him guilty of Curtis murder, and he faces execution.



HE'LL DIE FOR HER MURDER . . .

Bernice Curtis, in life. When her killer was executed, many people thought his punishment was just seven long years overdue.

in from an excited citizen. He had just found the dead body of a young red-haired girl in evening dress, lying on the sidewalk of quiet Poplar Avenue, right around the corner from the Brewer home.

"My God, that must be Kathleen!" Frank Alcalde exclaimed in wide-eyed horror.

And so it was. The willowy girl with the Mona Lisa smile lay crumpled, face down, on the pavement in the black shadow of the tall trees, an aura of seductive perfume still hovering about her. She wore a sheer black chiffon evening gown, cut low from her white throat, a short black velvet jacket and high-heeled black satin slippers. A gardenia corsage was crushed under her body, and a black evening bag and black gloves lay nearby in the dust. A cigarette in her left hand had burned itself out and blistered the dead fingers. There was a small bullet hole just behind her right ear.

"Looks like she was shot from ambush as she walked down the street," Police Chief Thomas Burke summed up. "The killer could have been hiding in these bushes. Or else he could have

come up behind her. Most likely she never knew what hit her."

SCRUTINY of the slain girl's apartment yielded cryptic clues. On the stand beside the disordered bed were two glasses with drops of white wine. There were two cigarette stubs in the ash tray, one of them smeared with lipstick.

Frank Alcalde, sobbing and apparently on the verge of hysteria, had no idea what could have happened. He said he was sure the wine glasses and cigarettes definitely hadn't been there, and that the bed had been neatly made up, when Kathleen had tidied her room just before she left with him at one-thirty. Plainly, she must have had a secret date with someone else early in the evening. Come to think of it, she had been very insistent on Frank's calling for her at exactly nine, no earlier or later.

Could Alcalde name any suspect? Well, Frank frowned through his tears, he didn't like to get anyone in trouble, but there was one fellow, Dan Damone, to whom Kathy had once been engaged, who'd been hanging around. Not long ago, Kathy said Dan had

threatened violence to her and Frank, if she didn't come back to him and drop Alcalde.

Alcalde himself seemed to be in the clear on the strength of his alibi. He had dined with his folks in San Bruno, driven to San Mateo a little before seven, dropped into a couple of taverns and walked around the streets, killing time while waiting to pick up his girl, he said. The coroner believed Kathleen had been shot shortly before her body was found at midnight. A Poplar Avenue resident was positive the body hadn't been there when he had passed at eleven. And Alcalde had been with the Brewers since a few minutes after nine.

DETECTIVES went after young Dan Damone. He had been out all evening, and they picked him up at a cafe at two a.m., a bit under the weather for liquor. He admitted he might have threatened Kathleen in a moment of anger, but denied killing her. He was hazy as to his movements during the evening, and when they found a .32 automatic in his room, they brought him in for questioning. They checked his fingerprints, but

left him. Kathleen's foster-mother was certain Alcalde was the killer.

A month after the murder, a rusty .32 Dreyer automatic was found lying in the weeds, a block from where Kathleen's body had been found. Exposure to the elements had ruined hope of matching it with the death bullet. But the gun was identified as one that Alcalde's father had reported stolen from his tavern some months before!

By this time, all of the murdered girl's acquaintances had been exhaustively checked out, and Chief Burke was convinced that Alcalde himself was the man who had shared the wine and cigarettes and Kathleen's bed with her at seven o'clock. He also noted that she had been fully dressed for her Saturday night date with Frank at the time she was killed.

On the strength of all this, District

Attorney Gilbert Ferrell, issued a complaint, charging young Alcalde with murder. But Alcalde retained a skillful criminal attorney, and at his preliminary hearing, Justice of the Peace Richard E. O'Farrell agreed that the circumstantial evidence wasn't strong enough to hold him for trial, and dismissed the charge. The murder of Kathleen Robinson went back in the unsolved file, though the authorities were certain of Alcalde's guilt.

HIS close brush with the murder rap apparently had a temporarily sobering effect on the handsome young ladies' man. He settled down to a construction job and stayed close to home for a long time. Eventually, he blossomed out again. As usual, he tried to steer clear of marriage, but since he was getting older, the romantic cards were now (Continued on page 52)



Questioned by Assistant D.A. Andreucci (left), Dr. Burt Davis, autopsy surgeon, identifies Bernice Curtis's skull X-ray during the sensational murder trial of Frank Alcalde.



"Put down the gun," she begged. "I'll never look at another guy, never..." He wavered, wanting to believe her. Then came that knock on the door a young man's voice, saying: "Let me in, honey..." That doomed her

by ALLEN LEBROW

"Excuse me, I think my nose needs powdering," the blonde said. "I'll be right back." She got up, and the man at the table with her hurriedly rose, too.

"Hurry back," he said smiling broadly. "I'll be waiting."

She returned his smile automatically, and she automatically swung her hips as she moved across the night-club floor. He watched her all the way. She knew he was watching. They could always be

JEALOUS FURY KILLS the NIGHT-CLUB HOSTESS

counted on to stare, she thought. And they could also be counted on to smile the same way and talk the same way and want the same thing.

The only trouble was most of them ended up the same way—getting jealous and making scenes and trying to run her life. (Continued on page 47)



Mildred begged and fought for her life by inflaming her killer's passion for her. She almost succeeded.

"TOO MANY
OTHER MEN,"
HE SAID...



He couldn't face competition in love. He knew only one way to deal with it, with a loaded gun.

"WOMEN ALL DIE FOR ME"

This is the startling story of a first-class heel who
Lying, bigamy—even murder—were okay with him, as long

lived off women all his life.
as it kept his women in line...



Look of happiness on bride's face faded soon after the wedding when she settled down to live with her husband's weaknesses.

by **WALTER STRINGER**

It just wasn't Evelyn's day when she said, "I do" and latched onto Bob Boesenellers for better or worse, until death should them part. That sealed things, of course, but since she'd made her vow in good faith, she wished she'd known in advance that there was going to be more "worse" than "better" in the marriage.

At that time, everything had seemed so set and certain and the future outlook so bright, but the way things turned out, she soon began to feel that Fate had given her a fast shuffle. When she looked at her wedding picture on the dresser, which she sometimes turned to the wall in anger, it was easy to see how she'd been fooled. She and Bob stood behind a magnificent wedding cake, his hand resting on hers as she cut into it. He looked manly and adult, handsome even, and she remembered the strength of his hand and it had been comforting. She also recalled agreeing with her girl friends when they said, so obviously envious, "You're so lucky, Evvy! He's a doll!"

That was six years ago, and if he'd been a doll then, he was strictly for the nursery still. Whatever determination he had at the beginning had disappeared, and he just couldn't seem to stick to a job. They had a son five, now, and even he hadn't changed Bob's airy attitude toward responsibility.

Bob was pushing thirty—he was five years older than Evelyn—but he still had the same footloose and carefree attitude he had in his early twenties when he was a merchant seaman.

"Those were the days," he often told her, and though he spoke interestingly enough about his experiences in far-off places, she dreaded the implications of that far-away look. She was afraid, at first, as he lost one job after another, that he'd head back to sea once he had a bellful of things not breaking right. But the last couple of years she realized that he might just as well have been at sea; the wanderlust that gripped him was indulged by job shifts, impulsive hunting trips, escapism drinking, and chasing after new and different women.

Twice he had actually gone down to Chicago to ship aboard Great Lakes freighters for a couple of voyages to appease his yearning. Each time he came back, he was brimming with energy and good intentions. "Now I've got that out of my system," he said, "I can get to work." He got to work, all right, but no one job seemed capable of holding his sustained interest, and soon he'd quit or get fired.

It was the story of his life, as Evelyn had been finding out more emphatically lately: it wasn't only a question of no one job interesting him, but it looked as though one woman wasn't enough for him, either.

She'd felt out of things for a long time, and when he came home on May 12, 1956, without a present of any kind to indicate he'd remembered their wedding anniversary, Evelyn was heart sick, but she didn't say anything. She fixed dinner while Bob played with little Mike and unhappily reflected on what a series of disappointments their marriage had become.

There were Bob's unexplained overnight absences, the handkerchiefs with their faint lipstick smears, his repeated arrivals home with bitter tales of how he'd lost his most recent job, and the furious scenes that occurred whenever she complained about not having enough money to pay the bills.

Well, at least he was working now, she reasoned, as she put the final touches to the dinner and brought it into the dining room. She had on a new dress she'd made which looked just right on her lithe, slim figure, and she put on a bright face as she called to Bob and Mike to come and get it. She hesitated about kidding Bob about forgetting their wedding anniversary because he was very touchy these days, but she didn't have a chance to.

A moment after he sat down, he said, "Well, I guess I better get it off my chest right away. Evvy, I'm through at Coffman's. The boss canned me today."

Evelyn's heart sank, and slowly she returned a forkful of food to her plate. "Oh, no, Bob," she said in a low voice, "not again!"

Bob bristled defensively. "Oh, don't sound so tragic. I'll get another job."

"Sure," she said hollowly. "Beginning at the beginning again." It was a nice job he'd had, as manager of the Coffman Bowling Alleys at the University of Minnesota, with good hours and a pleasant atmosphere. Before he'd gotten it, Evelyn had had to get herself a job in town in order to make ends meet, and was still working, but it didn't really help much since she had to pay out so much for a woman to take care of Mike. Bob had been doing well, she'd been hoping that. Bob had been doing so Mike could be looked after properly.

Bob started to say something, but Evelyn sig-

POLICE FIND CORPSE, CLUES AND MOTIVE...

Deputy coroner with blanket-covered body which the police unearthed from the town dump in St. Paul, Minnesota.

William D. Barrette, morgue-keeper, exhibits wire used to strangle Evelyn. Killer denied using it.



naled him to remember the boy. After they'd eaten and Mike had been put to bed, Evelyn brought the subject up again.

"I don't know what we're going to do, Bob, but I can't go on like this. It's not just the jobs—it's other things, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I think you know. Anyway, you've got to remember that Mike's five now, and you can't just play around with jobs any more. You've got to stick with one if we're ever going to get any place." She looked at him wonderingly. "What was the trouble this time?"

"None of your damn business!" Bob exploded. "I'm sick of you talkin' to me like a Dutch uncle all the time—always so smug. You're never wrong, are you? The perfect wife!" His voice was getting louder, but the neighbors weren't unused to angry voices coming from the Boesenmeiers', and Evelyn was injured to his tirades. "Perfect—hell!" He laughed scornfully. "Maybe you wonder why I stay out nights. Well, I'll tell you. I've got to find me women who are women—who'll give me what I want and don't act so cool and aloof and high and mighty and spend their time criticizing me. And I get what I want," he added triumphantly.

Evelyn had never said anything about her private suspicions, the evidence of the lipstick handkerchiefs, and the rumors she'd been hearing from some of her girl friends. Now Bob had said it, so she said, "I figured that out for myself, Bob."

"There you go again!" he shouted, his voice almost a scream by now. "Miss know-it-all! Can't tell you a thing! Well, do you know I've got me a woman now that's worth ten of you? Do you know she's got money, and she's crazy about me, and half the time I'm sleeping at her place and she satisfies me like you never could?" He put his face, red

with fury, close to hers. "Did you know that, Miss know-it-all?"

Evelyn's face was white. She knew, somehow, this was no boyish bragging, however juvenile his attitude toward women might be. She turned her face from his, slid over on the couch and got up. "No, I didn't, I didn't know that. It makes a difference. You flirting and playing around, I could take. You being infatuated—or in love with—one woman, that I can't take."

She turned to face him. "Who is it? Some kind of a tramp who can't wait to get her hands on somebody else's husband?"

Bob just laughed and turned away.

"Who is she?" Evelyn demanded. "That's something you'll never know," he said quietly.

"We'll see about that!" she said and ran to her closet and took out her jacket.

"Where're you going?" he said, jumping up and going after her.

"That's my business," she said.

Bob grabbed her arm and twisted her around to face him. "What you do, is my business," he said grimly.

And so the battle raged. Only late that night did it subside. As the neighbors turned over in their beds and gratefully heard the lapse of sounds coming from the Boesenmeiers' apartment, not a few of them said, "Now, maybe, we can get some sleep."

This was a Saturday, and on Monday, Bob was phoning his mother-in-law, Mrs. Paul Manke, and asking contently, "May I speak to Evvy, please? If—if she won't come to the phone, tell her I'm sorry, but try to persuade her to talk to me, will you, Mother?"

"What are you talking about, Bob? Evelyn's not here."

"She's not? Then where—my gosh! Did she talk to you at all?"

"No, I haven't spoken to her in days."

"We had an awful quarrel, and she threatened to walk out. I figured she'd gone to your place."

"When did this happen?" Mrs. Manke asked.

"And where's Michael?"

"Yesterday morning. She walked out, and then I got the landlady to take care of Mike—he's with her now—and I went out, just as mad as she was, and got drunk." Mrs. Manke's voice broke. "Well, I guess I better try some of her friends."

Mrs. Manke got busy on the phone as soon as Bob had hung up, calling the firm where Evelyn worked and discovering she hadn't showed up. Her sister, Evelyn's aunt, just couldn't see, either. Mrs. Manke got in touch with her husband at his office, and together they called everyone they could think of, but no one had heard from Evelyn. The next day, Mrs. Manke spoke with the Boesenmeiers' landlady, who said she hadn't seen Evelyn since Saturday, and all through the day the Mankes waited for news of some sort. But there was none, and on Wednesday, Paul Manke went to police headquarters in St. Paul to report his daughter missing.

The Missing Persons Bureau swung into action at last, sending out a full description of Evelyn by teletype and radio as well as having her photo copied for a flier to be distributed in surrounding states. All terminals were checked, all friends and relatives interviewed by detectives. For days there was no report, and while her parents were worried frantic, Bob's attitude was (Continued on page 57)

MEET THE DEVIL'S SISTER

(Continued from page 10)

relative, Robert Fischer, was missing. "Bob Fischer?" Schaaf said quickly. "He's probably made a getaway. We've been looking for him since last Saturday in connection with a stolen car job."

The women said she knew nothing about the stolen car, and insisted that Fischer would have no reason to run away. "I don't think he would leave town," she said and added that she was worried that something had happened to him.

Schaaf promised to start another search for the missing man. After he concluded the telephone conversation, the police officer was puzzled by the report of Fischer's disappearance and recalled the information Erie Police Chief George J. Cristoph received from one of his officers, Patrolman Everett Ruska, on Saturday, March 2nd.

A few days before, an automobile had been stolen from a spot in front of one of the local clubs. Then Ruska had received a tip that the car was hidden in a barn, some nine miles east of Cambridge Springs. Since this was outside his jurisdiction, Cristoph turned the information over to the State Police.

For months the Erie Police and the State Police had been attempting to build up a case around a gang of car thieves. The trail led toward six-foot-one, 245-pound Michael Bubna, the reputed head of the ring, but there was no direct evidence to prove this.

Mehallick and Mathias immediately went to work on the tip concerning the auto theft. They discovered that Robert Fischer had once lived in the vicinity of the Cambridge Springs barn, so they kept plugging. This made them most anxious to talk to Fischer.

Although the state and city police hunted for the thirty-four-year-old man the entire weekend, they were unable to find him. Then they decided to pick up one of the man's friends and "Big Mike" Bubna. Both men were arrested around midnight, March 5th.

The pair denied knowing anything about Robert Fischer, and hours of questioning brought no results. Both men were released the following morning, the day the body was found near the golf course.

On that Wednesday night, however, when the Erie police received the query about the missing man, they did not connect it with the corpse found in the hastily-improvised grave.

THAT same night, Dr. Burt disclosed the results of his autopsy. He said

he had never seen a victim who had been so brutally mistreated prior to the actual killing. Five bullet wounds in the head caused death.

"Both his eyes were blackened by blows," the report stated, "and it appears that an attempt was made to strangle him by hand. Both thighs contained cigarette burns. The nose was broken and the skull fractured. All five bullets were fired into the right side of the head, at close range."

"The condition of the wounds indicates that he was beaten unconscious first, and then the bullets were fired into his head as he lay in the mud. It is impossible to determine the exact time of the slaying, but it appears that it happened Monday night."

This report immediately sent Mehallick, Schauers, Mathias and several troopers back to the murder scene. They canvassed the entire district to find someone who might have seen the killers on the golf course, or heard the shots. Although they investigated thoroughly, their efforts were fruitless.

Wednesday night passed without the victim's identity being established, but on Thursday morning Corporal Mathias received a telephone call from Robert Fischer's friend, the same man who had been picked up with Bubna.

"A man who said his name was Maguire just phoned me," the caller said. "He said he had information about Bob, and he wants me to meet him at Thirteenth and Peach streets. He said a strange thing. He wants me to buy a morning paper."

The man hesitated for a moment and then continued, "I sent my wife out for a paper, and I read about the golf course murder on the front page. My wife and I agree the description of that dead man sounds very much like Bob."

Mathias spoke rapidly. "Don't meet Maguire," he said. "We'll take care of that. Although Fischer and his wife are separated, please ask her to go with you to the Erie headquarters to identify the body. Tell Chief Cristoph about your suspicions. He'll permit you to see the body, though I must tell you it's in bad shape. Stay there until you hear from me."

Hanging up, Mathias apprised Mehallick and Schauers of the conversation and his plan to pick up Maguire.

THE three officers had no idea who Maguire was, nor how they might recognize him, and 13th and Peach was a busy intersection. After a few minutes' wait in the shadow of a building, however, they spotted a man walking furtively. The officers recognized him as Elbert Corliss, a suspected member of the auto theft ring. They took him into custody.

"What's all this Maguire stuff?" Me-

hallick demanded when the man was seated among them at the Lawrence Park barracks.

Corliss, a thin-faced, shifty-eyed man, protested he did not know what the detectives were talking about. Mehallick decided to play a hunch. "The man you called on the telephone recognized your voice," Mehallick said calmly.

Corliss averted his gaze and shrugged. "Okay," he said, "I did make the call. Let me tell you why."

The detectives waited while he lit a cigarette.

"I was up in Portland, Maine," Corliss began. "When I got off the train at Erie this morning, I bought a paper. All over the front page, I saw an account of that murder the other night. Then I read a description of the dead man, and it sounded familiar to me. That's why I made the phone call."

Mehallick leaned back in his chair. "And who do you think the dead man is?" he asked.

"Bob Fischer," replied the suspected car thief.

To the state police, Corliss' information came as a mild surprise. That is until Mathias told the others about the phone call he had received from Fischer's friend, who was also suspicious.

"He's over at the morgue now, I believe," the corporal added. "If the dead man is Fischer, his relatives ought to be able to tell us shortly."

Mehallick rose. "We'll hold Corliss in custody," he said. "We can get back to him later. Let's see if the body has been identified."

WHEN the officers joined the relatives of Robert Fischer at headquarters, they had conclusive proof of the identity of the victim. The wife, another relative, and the friend recognized the man's gold teeth and had definitely identified him as Robert Fischer.

"Do you know where he was going, and who was with him?" Mehallick asked.

The woman nodded. Bob Fischer, she said, had arrived at her house in an intoxicated condition about eight o'clock. Although she and her husband had



Give The UNITED Way

separated, they were still on friendly terms.

Continuing, she stated that Fischer was grumbling about some money due him. He spoke about \$300 which was owed him. Then he made several phone calls. She did not know anything about his financial affairs, and added that she did not hear with whom he was talking.

About nine-ten, after he had concluded his calls, Fischer said he was going to see the man who owed him the money. This time, he intended to collect it.

When the woman told the officers the address, they looked at each other in surprise. The three-story house at that address on 26th Street had long been under suspicion as the headquarters of the stolen car ring. Its present occupants were "Big Mike" Bubna and his sister, Mrs. Millie Thomas, a sloe-eyed brunette.

But "Big Mike," Mehallick recalled, had previously denied knowing anything about the missing Fischer. "Wonder what he's going to say now?" the sergeant said. Then, turning to Mathias and Schauers he added, "Bring him in, along with Mrs. Thomas and anybody else you find in that house."

WITH County Detective Coates, Mehallick went back to the barracks to talk to Corliss. Lieutenant Bricker joined them as they interviewed the prisoner.

"That was your pal, Fischer, all right," Mehallick told Corliss. "What do you know about it?"

Corliss did not seem surprised about the identification. "You heard me tell you I was in Portland," he said. "I went there Sunday, and I just got back today. How would I know anything?"

Mehallick was far from convinced, particularly since Corliss seemed to be setting up a pretty fair alibi for himself. This alone was sufficient to arouse the officer's suspicions.

Deciding to crack down on the case and get all the available information, the state officers revealed their knowledge of the auto theft ring and Corliss' suspected connection with it. The officers did not know whether it was because the man sought to evade responsibility in a murder or not, but their plan worked. Almost immediately he began to "sing."

Corliss revealed the set-up of the stolen car racket, naming Bubna, Fischer and himself as three of the members. He told how machines were lifted in Erie and transported into Maine, where they were fenced. In all, Corliss said he had participated in about twenty such deals.

The man admitted stealing the car from in front of the club on the previ-

ous Saturday, adding that it was he who hid it in the Cambridge Springs barn. "But I didn't take it to Maine with me," he said. "You can register a car up there without having the car with you. But I ran into some trouble, and I came back to straighten it out. That's when I read about the murder."

Mehallick nodded. "Who was in the deal with you on that car?" he asked.

"Just Bob Fischer," the man replied. "He and I were working it alone. We dealt the other out."

The sergeant pondered this piece of information, but he did not reveal his conclusions to Corliss. Instead he said, "Give me a list of all the people who called at that 26th Street house."

The prisoner recalled only a few by name, but among these was one Hal Foster, who was on the police list as another suspected car thief.

As Mehallick finished his notes, he asked Corliss, "That was a gray 1940 Pontiac sedan you stole, wasn't it?"

The man nodded. "A nice job, too. It should still be out in the barn."

"It's not," Mehallick said. "We looked."

Corliss jerked upward in his chair. "It's not there?" he said incredulously. "Then who took it?"

The sergeant leaned forward. "Maybe Bob Fischer," he suggested. "He could have double-crossed you, just as you and he were dealing out the others. Maybe that's the reason why he was

killed. That would have given you a motive."

Corliss scowled in anger. "I got an alibi!" he flared. "You can't pin that on me. I was in Portland."

"We'll see," Mehallick came back, ordering the prisoner back to his cell.

AFTER Corliss' departure, the sergeant told Bricker, "We're getting close to the motive. Fischer could have been killed when he and Corliss had a falling out, or he might have been erased for double-crossing the gang on that car deal. Better still, the mob might have felt he was hot, since we were looking for him, and put him on the spot so he wouldn't talk."

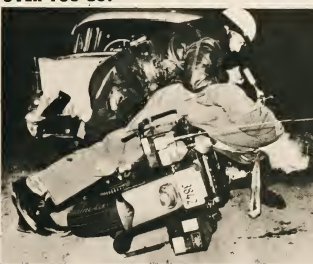
Bricker nodded. "We'll see what Big Mike has to say."

When Bubna and his sister, Millie Thomas—along with another woman relative of Bubna's who was found in the 26th Street house—were brought to headquarters, they denied any knowledge of the Fischer murder.

Confronted with evidence that he headed a stolen car ring in Erie, Bubna shook his head. "You can't prove anything like that," he said. "I know nothing about it. I'm refusing to talk until I see a lawyer."

Millie Thomas was likewise uncommunicative. Her flippancy indicated that any questions she might answer would reveal no information. Realizing that he would have to play a waiting game

OVER YOU GO!



Unruly motorist Edgar Whitehead is held firmly over the motorcycle of Officer David Ansuriza, as the policeman tries to radio for help. It is reported by San Francisco police that Whitehead attacked Ansuriza as he was writing out a speeding ticket for him. The hard-to-handle speeder is charged with ignoring a siren, resisting arrest and assault and battery.

before questioning the suspects, Bricker ordered them to be locked up.

Bubna and his sister went to the county jail, whereupon the state police detectives began looking for other members of the suspected car-theft ring, as well as persons Corliss named as visitors to the 26th Street house. Although a number of suspects were taken into custody, no trace was found of Hal Foster.

LATE on the day following the discovery of Bob Fischer's body, the case took a sensational turn, when state police laboratory experts who were inspecting the terrain at the golf course—including the tire tracks—determined that a car had been stuck in the mud not far from where the shirt and pistol had been picked up. Furthermore, there was evidence to show that a tow-truck had pulled it out.

"Canvass the garages and find out who sent a truck out there Monday night," Bricker ordered.

The city police proved cooperative in this task, and before nightfall results were obtained. Three garage employees told canvassing officers that they had responded to a call Monday night and hauled a mired gray Pontiac coach from the mud at the golf course.

This car corresponded to the description of the one stolen from the front of the clubhouse Saturday and subsequently, according to the statement made by Corliss, hidden in the Cambridge Springs barn.

The garage employees said that a slim, dark-faced man called at the garage late Monday night and asked that a tow truck be sent to the golf course. The trio responded, extricating the vehicle. Then the slim man paid the charges, and drove off.

When he received this information, Mehallick said, "That sounds like Corliss. There goes his alibi."

However, when the garage employees were brought face to face with the prisoner at the jail, they shook their heads. "He's not the man," they said.

Bubna likewise drew a clean bill of health from them, although he did not answer their description of the Pontiac driver. The police were certain that the man who had procured and paid for the two trucks was connected with the killing of Robert Fischer. Likewise, it was logical to assume that the stolen Pontiac was the murder car.

MEHALLICK went through the files and produced pictures of every member of the auto ring, plus those of several persons known to have visited the mob's headquarters on 26th Street. After these photos were mixed with shots of others not connected with the case, they were shown to the garagemen

who were asked to select anyone who looked familiar.

Suddenly, all three halted over one photo.

The trio were pointing to a picture of Hal Foster.

The picture now became clear immediately to the police. Foster, one of the visitors to the 26th Street house, connected with Big Mike Bubna's activities, had apparently driven Robert Fischer to the golf course, and had mired his car in an attempt to leave the scene.

Three garage employees swore he had arrived at that place of business in another car and asked to have his own car towed out. The workers returned with him, extricated the Pontiac, were paid, and saw Foster drive off. The employees were positive about the identification.

Despite this information, the state police did not believe that this eliminated Corliss. They had also learned that someone was with Foster when the latter came to the garage. It could have been his associate in the car-stealing racket who claimed to have been in Portland. When the garage men were asked about this, they could not identify Foster's companion of the murder night because they had not seen him clearly.

The state police immediately let it be known that they wanted Hal Foster. News that he was being sought, however, was withheld from Corliss, Bubna and the other suspects held in custody.

Since the Erie police previously had arrested Foster on two occasions on charges of assault, detectives who knew the man were sent out by Captain Roy B. Mong, chief of the Homicide Bureau, to find him. This quest was unsuccessful. According to several witnesses, they discovered Hal Foster had suddenly left town. This getaway deepened the suspicion against him, and a check of the man's recent activities was begun. Mong's officers learned Foster had been friendly with a girl named Leona Mae Shayrock.

When the police sought this girl, they discovered she also had left town on Monday night. This coincided with the time of the murder and Foster's departure from the city, and the police immediately doubled their efforts to get a line on the pair.

From friends of the Shayrock girl, they obtained significant information. She had told them about a trip to Florida with a boy friend, though she had not mentioned his name. Believing this man to be Foster, Mong advised Lieutenant Bricker of his discovery, and the Lawrence Park barracks commandant immediately broadcast an alarm for the wanted man and the girl believed to be with him. His complete description was forwarded to Washington, where FBI teletypes warned agents throughout the

South to be on the watch for Foster and the gray Pontiac car.

MEANWHILE, in Erie, the State Police sought to tie up the loose ends. Shots fired from the Belgian pistol disclosed that this was the murder gun. It was traced to a relative of the murder victim.

Queried about the weapon, the relative said, "Elbert Corliss took that pistol from my house several months ago."

Corliss was then confronted with this fact and admitted it. "But," he said, "the gun was taken away from me." When questioned further, he refused to say who took it.

All evidence to date pointed to Foster as the killer and Corliss as a possible accessory. With this in mind, the police thought it expedient to throw this accusation at the confessed auto thief.

Corliss instantly denied the charge and insisted he had been in Portland. "Why, I made several phone calls back to Erie," he declared. "They'll prove where I was and at what time I was there."

The police realized that Corliss might be telling the truth, though they were not overlooking the possibility that someone else might have made the phone calls in his name. After a full statement concerning his complete alibi was taken from Corliss, a thorough check-up was started.

NOTHING was heard about Foster during the rest of Thursday, but early Friday, in Savannah, Georgia, an FBI agent started to comb the city's hotel lobbies and eating places for someone resembling the fugitive. All he had was the Pennsylvania State Police description of the suspected killer.

About noon, a tall, curly-haired man passed the agent on the street. The G-man mentally checked his description and decided he had found the Erie fugitive. He caught up with the pedestrian and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You're Hal Foster, of Erie, Pennsylvania," he said, quickly.

Caught off-guard, the suspect whirled and weakly nodded his head. He was immediately taken to headquarters. Questioned by the FBI, Foster told where Leona Mae Shayrock and the gray Pontiac might be found. The car, he said, had broken down at Savannah as he and the girl were headed for Florida.

In response to further questioning, Foster said the Pontiac belonged to Big Mike Bubna, who had lent it to him for the Florida jaunt. When the name of Robert Fischer was injected into the conversation casually, the Erie suspect said he knew nothing about the man, either alive or dead. The G-men decided to refrain from telling him about the

murder to see how Foster would react to a general interrogation.

After Foster apparently had answered questions frankly, he was held in custody while officers located Leona Mae Shayrock. When they questioned her, the story she told was far different from Foster's. At the end of an hour, the G-men informed her that they did not believe a word she told them.

While she was taken to headquarters, the Pontiac was searched, and marijuana was found secreted in the door pockets, under the seats and in a rear spare tire. This injected a new angle into the case, one which the police had not suspected previously.

The G-men likewise found suspicious stains in the machine and decided to tow it to Washington for an examination by their laboratory experts.

Foster was under arrest on suspicion of car theft. Because she had been found behind the wheel of the gray Pontiac, the Shayrock girl faced a charge of transporting a stolen vehicle. Both agreed to waive extradition back to Erie.

Notified of their arrests and statements, Lieutenant Bricker immediately dispatched Sergeant Schauers and Corporal Mathias to return the pair. They left for Savannah that same night, accompanied by County Detective Coates.

When these arrests were made, Erie newspapers hinted that the murder of Robert Fischer would soon be solved, and that a huge marijuana ring would be exposed in consequence. However, it was not revealed that the police were rapidly building up an incriminating case against the mob in connection with these illegal activities, and that all signs pointed to Big Mike Bubna, also known as James McFadden, as the head and the 26th Street house as headquarters.

Bubna, Fischer, Corliss, Foster and at least two other men comprised the mob which had built up an enterprise of considerable proportions from car thefts and drug-peddling.

Hal Foster was not informed of a murder charge until he arrived back in Erie on March 14th. Then, in the office of Assistant District Attorney McLaughlin, he was told of the accusation.

Almost immediately the investigation received an entirely new reaction from the man who had so willingly confessed the theft of cars. It was plain he wanted out, and Hal said so.

After the officers gave Foster a complete breakdown of their suspicions against him, the prisoner began shaking his head. "You missed by a mile," he said. "That murder didn't take place up at that golf course."

This statement came as a complete surprise to the investigators. What seemed to be the strongest premise in the case against Foster, the assumption

that Fischer had been taken for a ride and slain, now was being contradicted. Could this mean that the entire theory had been all wrong from the beginning?

"All right, then," Mehallick finally asked, "where did it happen?"

For a moment, Foster hesitated. It was obvious that he realized the seriousness of his own position. Unless he told the truth, all evidence pointed to him as the killer. He shifted uneasily in his seat and then said slowly, "In the basement of the house on 26th Street."

The effect was electrifying. This was a new angle, a promising one.

Quickly, following up this lead, McLaughlin asked, "You killed him there?"

Hal Foster shook his head. "Not me," he said. "Big Mike and Millie did it. They killed Fischer because he tried to collect \$300 due to him on a stolen car."

Although this information seemed incredible, Mehallick quickly pointed out that it fitted in exactly with his original theories about the motive.

"Let's have it from the beginning," the sergeant told Foster, "including how that man's body got up on the golf course."

The confessed car thief nodded. "I can clear that up first," he said. "Fischer's body got there because I took it there in the gray Pontiac, on Bubna's orders. He also told me to get out of

town with the stolen car, so the police wouldn't talk to me."

To Mehallick, this all seemed logical. He could see the pieces dropping into place. Fischer, hot in connection with the rapidly approaching show-down with the auto ring, had been suppressed so he could not squeal. Since Big Mike Bubna stood to lose most by any talking that was done, he now bulked large as the man with the best motive for murder.

FOSTER'S story of the actual crime was one of the most gruesome the investigators had ever heard.

It began when Fischer, drunk, came to the back door of the house on 26th Street on the night of March 4th, and demanded to see Bubna. Foster, Leona Mae Shayrock, Millie Thomas, Bubna and a relative of Big Mike's were in the house, according to Foster.

Bubna, the informant said, was always a "playful chap, given to practical jokes." The butt of these in the past had been Robert Fischer, but Fischer was not feeling up to it that night and began to "tell Big Mike off," Foster stated and added that Bubna reacted to his tirade with fury.

"Mike became furious," Foster said, "and began slapping Fischer around with his big paws. Then he told Millie to take Leona out of the room. 'This is going to be messy', Bubna said." And,



HORROR CRIME...

Grim-faced deputies (l. to r.) Carl Sears, Mike Melovich and Borden Bridges examine body of twelve-year-old Loma Lax (inset) of Kentfield, California, who was stabbed and hanged in the play area she called her "fort." A fifteen-year-old boy, Clifford Fortner, allegedly confessed crime.



according to Foster, he added, "I don't want her to see it."

When Leona Shayrock was led to a bedroom, Bubna called for a pair of scissors, the story continued. Then Big Mike dragged Fischer down the basement stairs into the concrete-floored cellar. Foster said he went to the stairs and looked down.

"Bubna had been pummeling Fischer's head against the concrete floor until the man was unconscious. Then Bubna took a gun out of his pocket and fired five shots into Fischer's head."

A stenographer, summoned by McLaughlin, was transcribing the story. McLaughlin interrupted to ask what Millie was doing. In response to this, Foster stated that she had been cutting off Fischer's hair. Then, after taking a wallet out of his back pocket, she began throwing his clothes into the furnace.

Continuing the story, the prisoner stated there was blood in the kitchen and basement, but Millie scrubbed it up after Bubna told Foster he would have to take the body some place and bury it. "He gave me the gun and said, 'Get rid of that, too.'"

Leona Mae Shayrock, questioned anew and shown Foster's statement, now changed her story completely. She verified everything Foster had said. She added that Millie Thomas had come to her in the bedroom and said that she and her brother had killed Fischer. The girl added that she saw the body and the bloodstains in the cellar, and while she was in the bedroom, she heard four or five shots.

AFTER these statements were completed, the police rushed to the murder house and discovered complete verification of Foster's story. Blood-

stains were found on the kitchen and basement floor, although attempts had been made to eradicate them. Near the furnace, they discovered several hairs which were later identified as Fischer's.

In the furnace ash can were remnants of clothing and the wallet. The murder car, when examined by the FBI, was found to contain bloodstains of Robert Fischer's type.

Hal Foster took the investigators over the entire crime route, reenacting personally what he saw and did. The man pointed out the spot where he had dug the grave and named two people who gave him a lift to a garage when his car became stuck in the mud. These people were unaware of the crime and had no connection with the case.

Elbert Corliss, the police soon learned, had told the truth about his trip to Portland. What the man did not know, of course, was that Fischer had double-crossed him, as he and Fischer were double-crossing Bubna, and had removed the Pontiac from the barn during his absence from the city. It was from the sale of this car to Bubna that Fischer tried to collect \$300 from Big Mike. But Bubna, being wise to the fact that he was being counted on over several car deals, refused to pay. Fischer's greed had led to his death.

Big Mike Bubna and his sister, Millie Thomas, refused to talk about Fischer's death. McLaughlin noted that they did make incriminating admissions and both lacked alibis for the time of the murder, set between nine-thirty and ten on Monday night. But neither confessed the actual killing.

McLaughlin promptly filed murder charges against Bubna, Mrs. Thomas and Hal Foster. The trio were arraigned before Alderman William Heisler, who

held them without bail for a preliminary hearing on March 28th.

On that day, both Hal Foster and Leona Mae Shayrock retold their stories for the benefit of the court. At the conclusion of the hearing, at which McLaughlin presented most of his damaging evidence, Heisler found probable cause and turned the case over to the grand jury.

Leona Mae Shayrock was held in high bail as a material witness, and the stolen car charge against her was dropped. Corliss found himself detained behind bars on two counts of automobile larceny.

The grand jury acted on schedule, returning first-degree murder indictments against Bubna and Millie Thomas and an accessory-after-the-fact count against Hal Foster. The next day, an indictment was brought in charging Corliss with car theft. Following his plea of guilty, he was sentenced to a term of eighteen months in the state penitentiary.

On May 21st, Mike Bubna and Millie Thomas were brought to trial in Erie County Superior Court. Speedily found guilty, four days later Judge Burton S. Laub sentenced Millie to life imprisonment and Mike to die in the electric chair. The execution took place on October 20th.

A week later, Hal Foster was found guilty of the accessory charge and was promptly sentenced to a five-year term in the state penitentiary, due consideration having been shown him by the state for his aid in constructing the people's case. Leona Mae Shayrock was released.

NOTE: The names Elbert Corliss, Leona Mae Shayrock and Hal Foster are pseudonyms.

BACK-DOOR LOVER'S REVENGE

(Continued from page 23)

ence last night . . . nothing ever happened like that in my life . . .

Being a man, Falcone didn't go overboard emotionally the way his new-found mistress did, but with doubtful wisdom, he replied to her letter in a fairly unrestrained way.

My dear, he wrote: I have been thinking since Friday. I keep pinching myself to see if I am alive. It was so thrilling to be there. I enjoyed everything. You have such a nice little love nest . . . I should be there to share it with you.

At the plane, the two lovers were very careful about concealing their feelings. It was hard for Mildred to put on an act, but she continued greeting him in the presence of the others with the same badinage as usual. Sometimes

they'd catch a look in each other's eyes, and they ached to be alone, to give some physical expression to the desire within. Whether it was love or passion, it unnerved them both, and they tried to contrive errands or excuses that would bring them together in some room, or corridor ell, or behind some packing case, just to touch one another for a moment.

MILDRED needed the reassurance of Dan's touch. She didn't want him to think she was cheap or easy or promiscuous. Though morally she was a goner, like most illicit lovers she wanted him to know that theirs was a special case, that hers was a beautiful love, and that because she didn't make a habit of behaving like a cheap tart with every man, their affair was defensible. And so, quickly, since she didn't get the chance to talk to him alone, she sublimated in the only she knew. She wrote:

Beloved, It seems forever since we

saw each other. You know I love you . . . I was afraid you'd think badly of me . . . I was very young and wished it could have lasted. Then I met and married Matthew. I never pretended to be in love with him.

Hardly had she gotten that letter written, when the same day, feeling apparently that she had left something out, she set about writing him another letter:

"Dear One, I bet you think I am a dumb country girl . . . I was brought up right . . . it was my love for you that caused me to want you to come to the house Friday night . . . It was so wonderful . . ."

Dan's replies to these letters assured her that he didn't think she was a dumb country girl, and that he did think she was brought up right. Very philosophically, he wrote that "If you went wrong, it was temptation." Hardly had he gotten that bit of wisdom into the United States mail when another letter arrived, in which Mildred said that she

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would be heartbroken if he thought for a moment that she was bad.

These first letters were printable—well, almost—in their entirety, but Mildred's particularly keen referring to Dan's technique of love-making, re-living their moments together. Her letters grew progressively more candid, though it is doubtful that Dan, a man of the world, was embarrassed by them. She said exactly what she meant in a way that was flattering to her lover.

She kept referring to herself as naive and untutored until he came along. That she didn't know what love was until he taught her. From the content of the letters, however, it's apparent that her instincts on the subject were very sharp, indeed. She was way ahead of him most of the time.

"My own beloved," one note read: "I am looking forward to this weekend. I can't think of anything else . . . to feel your arms around me, pulling me against your throbbing body . . ."

Falcone was always in her thoughts, according to her correspondence with him. She went into quite graphic detail about the inadequacies of fat little Matthew, and wondered whether it was quite fair to Dan that she should permit her lawful husband to be a husband to her. Mildred's ethics on this subject were appalling, and if it is true that marriages are made in heaven, then the devil really had quite a hand in illicit love affairs.

Dan's reply to that situation was to advise her to pretend with her husband, and not to change things too radically, or he would become suspicious. "You said if you had never married Matthew you would never have met me . . . That's something."

THE craziest part of their behavior was their complete recklessness. Dan would call Mildred at six-thirty a.m., to wake her and tell her he loved her. The call coincided with the time the completely punctual Matthew was in the bathroom, shaving. When he heard the bell ring, he was puzzled and later asked who would call at that hour.

"Oh, darling," she told him, "I've asked one of the girls at the plant to wake me in the morning," and dropped the subject. What Dan would do if Matthew picked up the phone by chance was something neither of the lovers thought of. Hang up? Then what would Matthew think?

They didn't leave much margin for error in their clandestine affair. A few weeks after the date on a Friday, which was a convenient night because Matthew always had a council meeting, events didn't proceed quite according to plan.

"Beloved," Mildred hastily wrote Dan the next day, ". . . that was a close call last night . . . Matthew never came home that early before . . . I am scared

. . . We will have to get some other place . . ."

She could say that again, as far as Dan was concerned. It was comfortable and convenient to rendezvous at Mildred's, but as he wrote in reply, "Your home is too dangerous . . . we found that out last night. I don't like crawling through a window."

The next few dates, therefore, were impromptu things, set up hastily over the phone, just so they could see each other. They met in the garage, and sometimes, after careful arrangements, he picked her up on some distant street corner and they drove off into the country.

Mildred didn't want to risk stopping at motels or hotels. She had to be seen only once to have her life wrecked. She had no relatives nearby whom she could tell Matthew she was going to visit, giving her a chance to stay out overnight. Matthew was, anyway, the kind of dear, devoted husband a woman having an affair hated to be saddled with. If she did go away, he was just the type to call her on the phone, at the place where she was supposed to be, to wish her goodnight and pleasant dreams.

THE pressure was on Mildred. Neighbors and friends who used to drop in unannounced she now regarded with suspicion. Her best friend, who never bothered to knock or ring the bell when

she came in, got angry accusations of snooping from Mildred. She was fidgety, temperamental, and the only things that could calm her were her letter-writing and her meetings with Falcone. She was a mental libertine, as well as a physical one, because she would write about love-making, recalling all the clinical details.

The time had to come when Matthew would start asking questions. "*That made me mad,*" she wrote Dan, "*I laughed. He says I am laughing in his face. I know I'm sure, he knows the truth . . .*"

In reply Dan urged her to be nice to her husband, as if her being pleasant to him would mitigate their sin. But her husband's knowledge or suspicion didn't stop the two lovers. To quote a current comedy line, it was "bigger than both of them," this love, and they had to get together. It was hazardous. Her next few letters referred to their narrow escapes from discovery, among other things, and then she dwelt on her husband's suspicions in the next few.

Matthew had started catechizing her, starting with those doubting questions, "Where were you? Who were you with?" Mildred was convinced that he knew all about Dan, but that he wanted to hear it from her.

It didn't make Falcone rest any easier when one day he got this letter: "*Beloved, I am scared for you . . . He knows now that I am seeing you . . . He threatened to do something to you, something terrible.*"

Falcone acted righteous about the whole thing, like a self-appointed protector to his illicit love. "*I disapprove of Matthew trying the third degree on you to get things out of you,*" he had the gall to write.

ALMOST a year went by during which the affair flamed, and exposure threatened a dozen times. Matthew, out of pride, never mentioned his suspicions to anyone but Mildred, and didn't attack Falcone as threatened. He was a patient man, and perhaps he sensed that the inevitable would happen—that Mildred's tempestuous love affair would die a slow death, and that she would become a loyal, faithful wife again.

The first inkling Dan had of it was when she began breaking the Friday night dates which she had been "unable to live without." Her letters became more moderate in tone, though occasionally she would flare out in written recollections of their once-ardent love. She spent more time cautioning Dan, telling him about Matthew's threats, as if to scare him off, but Dan replied, "Don't let him pick on you, or I'll be forced to take a hand."

That Mildred's enthusiasm was waning was reflected in a letter which began, "*Beloved,*" but which contained such phrases as these: "*I'm afraid I'm not the type to carry on an affair and get away with it; Perhaps the time will come when we will regret giving in to our love; It sure is tough not seeing you and wondering how you are . . .*"

I'm sorry I couldn't say yes about tomorrow . . . But I must break away . . . I spent . . . weeks . . . trying to make up my mind to break away from you . . ."

THE rough part of this deal for Dan Falcone was that Mildred had been the emotional aggressor in the beginning, and he the tolerant, sensible, and semi-reluctant quarry. He had told her about other women, and she didn't mind, at first, but became jealous later. Now the shoe was on the other foot. It looked to Dan as though she was going to give him the pitch, and this hurt. Now he realized just how terrific she was, how nice it was to have a woman who was so amenable and who loved him so desperately. Was he going to lose her? Not if he could help it.

Trouble was beginning to catch up with him.

Falcone had been giving Mildred money, during their relationship, as a kind of loan so that she could buy clothes to look pretty for him. Early in 1953, he suffered some losses in the stock market and had to borrow from the Palmer Company to cover his deficits. This situation coincided with Mildred's cooling off toward him, and with typical male vanity, he blamed her attitude on his being broke.

" . . . Since I told you I was cleaned out, things have changed," he wrote, and the more he thought about it, the more bitter he became. Mildred was no fool, though. She didn't break things off too fast. If love was gone, passion wasn't, and she still had use for Dan. They continued to see each other, the time between these meetings growing longer, and then, one day, she wrote: "*But it must stop. My heart is breaking, yet I must be strong and firm.*"

It was, in a manner of speaking, the handwriting on the wall. Dan wrote desperate, importuning letters to try to get her back. She gave in again, meeting him with the usual demonstration of affection in a vacant lot near the Daneker home. It was a stop-gap, and Falcone knew it. He was desperate. He was hooked now, and there was no way out of it. He asked her to marry him, and then threatened to expose her so that Matthew would have to divorce her, and then she would marry him. She did a complete about-face then and told him that she loved Matthew.

" . . . You must accept reality. I couldn't be happy at the expense of seeing somebody else unhappy."

Falcone, facing the inevitable, replied: "*For your sake, I'll let you alone.*"

He received no more letters from her. Months back, he had been forced to give up his job at the shirt factory because he was afraid that he would let the cat out of the bag each time he looked at her. Sometimes, now, he'd park the car down the street from her house, just to catch a glimpse of her. And then, on January 25th, 1954, he wrote his last letter to her.

"*Dear Millie: I'm writing you your birthday gift. Rest in peace. I'll not disturb your peace any longer. I am*

fading away . . . Please forgive me for everything."

SHE never received that particular letter, however, because Dan forgot to mail it, and long afterwards it was found beneath the seat of his car. But he couldn't keep her out of his mind. He was picked up a couple of times by cops for cruising past the Daneker house on Lehigh Street, and finally, thinking that absence might help to shut off his tortured memory, he went fishing in Canada.

Everything was fine—or seemed to be—when he got back. He was given his old job as foreman again, and it was a tragic mistake. Mildred still worked there. She ignored him for a while, but the vixen in her made her incapable of resisting one of those old, teasing looks occasionally. Falcone almost went wild with desire.

One night, outside the factory, he ran into her, and she brushed him off. He became so angry, he threatened to kill her.

THREE days later, the whole mixed-up affair exploded. It was Sunday, October 3rd, and Dan was scheduled to take off at four-thirty a.m. from his home in Bangor for a hunting trip with some of his buddies. He begged out at the last minute, and spent the day reading Mildred's letters.

Late in the afternoon, he went to the Fourth Ward Citizens Club and drank half a dozen glasses of wine, and then told someone he was going to Palmerston.

Falcone reached Palmerston just as worshippers were entering the Trinity Church, and he parked his car down the block. Not far away, Matthew and Mildred Daneker were arriving in their car, and they parked in their customary place, not far from where Dan sat brooding in his car. It was dark, and when Falcone got out, no one passing noticed the gun he carried close beneath the front flap of his heavy coat.

He was standing there, in front of the church, quite ready, when Matthew and Mildred walked up to the church entrance. Dan called her by name, and when she turned, alarmed, and Matthew turned with her, Falcone fired again and again. There were screams from all sides, and the Danekers fell to the sidewalk. Falcone whirled and ran off, with half a dozen men in pursuit, but he vanished in the darkness.

SHERIFF Charles Neast and Deputy Sheriff James McElmoyle knew, soon enough, whom to look for, and the next morning they headed a posse that surrounded Falcone north of Wind Gap and brought him back to Palmerston.

He was brought to trial, charged with murder, on January 21st, 1955, and found guilty. Days later, Falcone was sentenced by Judge James A. McCready to life imprisonment. It is unknown whether his letters were returned to him. If they were, the reading of them will afford cold comfort for the long years ahead.

JEALOUS FURY KILLS NIGHT-CLUB HOSTESS

(Continued from page 35)

Still, she got a big kick out of men.

You could tell that from one look at her, just as you could tell she was the kind of girl who was sure to provoke a man's attention. She was in her late twenties, good looking, and she had a neat figure that was sensuous as soon as she moved. She wore her make-up well, not too much of it, either. Nevertheless, she had the look of a young woman who had "been around." Her dress was expensive and good-looking, but it fitted tighter than most gloves and outlined every inch of her figure.

Her name was Mildred Spiegel Carl, and she was ideally suited to her job as a hostess in that Union City, New Jersey, night spot, the Club 13.

When Mildred walked into the powder room, she found her friend and co-worker, Helen Reilly, there, repairing her make-up.

"Hi, what's new?" Helen asked without stopping.

"I had to get away for a minute. I've got a real eager beaver, and I'm dead tired," Mildred replied.

She sat down and started putting on fresh lipstick.

"I spent most of last night arguing with this guy I've been going out with, and I didn't get any sleep," she went on. "Why won't they ever believe you when you say something is through?"

"Bill, this guy, insisted on coming over with a bottle of brandy to have a couple of drinks because he was dying to see me, he said. Then, as soon as he got there, he started to yell at me and pull this big jealousy act. I got fed up. So I told him I didn't want to see him any more. Then he began to beg and apologize and argue—and it went on all night."

"You really have a lot of trouble with your men," Helen sympathized.

"Well it's settled now, as far as I'm concerned," Mildred declared. "Tonight I want to get some sleep. All I've got to do now is shift off the guy I'm with and convince Jimmy Stearns that this is not the night for him to take me home."

Jimmy Stearns was a young man who worked at the Club 13 and who was much taken with the blonde Mildred. He was about Mildred's age in years, but as far as sophistication was concerned, he was like a boy compared to her. Still, he bungled around her as much as she'd let him and begged for a date any time she might feel like letting him take her

out. He was a nice-looking, eager-to-please young man. Mildred sometimes favored him with her attentions. She liked variety.

THE need for variety in male companionship was what had prompted Mildred Carl to break up her marriage with Fred Carl a few months before. She had been married to him for six years. After the first two years, she had begun to take a few days off every once in a while to go out with other men. Finally, she had stayed away from him permanently, and he had gotten a divorce on grounds of desertion. Their four-year-old son lived with Mildred's parents.

After that, Mildred had all the men she wanted to choose from. And there was a big turnover among her sweethearts, because her choice changed frequently. That was what upset them. Mildred tired of men quickly and became interested in new ones.

That night, though, she was interested only in sleep, so it was a quiet night.

The next day was Friday, January 21, 1949. Mildred slept late, then went out for a while in the afternoon. The early darkness of the winter evening was just closing in when she returned. Her high heels clicked on the steps as she climbed to the

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second floor walk-up flat on Summit Avenue in Union City.

She unlocked her door and walked in. She dropped her Persian lamb coat across a chair and switched on a light. Then she paused in front of a mirror to look at herself and pat her hair. Still admiring herself in the mirror, she began to disrobe. She took off the tailored suit and stepped out of her shoes. She peeled off her lace-trimmed slip and paused again to look at her reflection. Clad only in her filmy underthings, she eyed her lithe figure critically. Finally satisfied, she went into the bathroom to draw a tub of water.

If she had gone to the closet, she would surely have seen him lurking there, watching her through the ever so slightly open door. But she did not. She might even have smelled the cigar smoke in that part of the room, but she did not. She had no hint of his presence until she came out of the bathroom and saw him facing her with the gun in his hand and his broad face twisted up with tense emotion.

She tried to ask him what he wanted, but she choked on the words. She did not panic, however. Without hurrying, she picked up a robe and slipped it around her. She noticed

his gaze on her shapely body and thought that might help distract him.

She started talking to him, trying to calm him, offering promises, cajoling, flirting. He talked emotionally about how much he loved her and couldn't bear to be without her. The gun wavered in his grasp.

"If only you'd been true to me. If you hadn't cheated on me, Mildred . . ." he said.

She protested her innocence with a trembling voice. There was nobody else, she insisted. It was just that he'd made her mad, just a little argument between the two of them, and it could be patched up.

"Can't we make up . . . you forgive me? So it can all be like it used to . . ." she sobbed.

The clenched fury in his face began to relax. His expression softened.

"I wanted it to be like it was . . . I loved you . . . but you said no . . ." he stammered. "Too many others . . ."

"No others . . . they didn't count . . ." she pleaded desperately.

The barrel of the pistol dropped a little. Doubts and conflicting emotions were visible in his changing expression. His heavy shoulders sagged a little as some of the intense emotion abated. His powerful, ham-like hands clenched and unclenched. The

pistol dangled loosely. His eyes clung to the attractions of her body, only half-hidden by the sheer robe. The burning anger in his eyes was melting, and a look of agonized longing was replacing it.

THE blonde beauty saw her chances gaining. Fighting down her hysterical impulse to scream with all her might, she kept pouring out soothing, seductive words in a frantic stream. Yet she kept her voice in a low, hoarse whisper. She was straining to sound soft and persuasive, but she spoke with machine-gun rapidity—repeating vows of love, pleas for forgiveness, intimate reminders and lurid promises of pleasure, one after another.

Afraid to go toward him, she begged him to put down his gun and embrace her. Both siren and suppliant, she begged with one breath, tried to inflame his desires with the next. He swayed toward her, torn between his conflicting drives.

Then it happened. The sound of the buzzer shocked them both into silence. Again, insistently, her doorbell cut the tense air. Somebody was ringing Mildred's doorbell—standing a few feet away in the hall outside of her apartment, pushing repeatedly on the bell.

Fury and fear again swept over the face of the man with the gun. Threateningly, he leveled it at Mildred's head. He jerked the barrel up slightly with a quick, ugly eloquence that made it plain that any outcry from her would bring instant death.

She saw his face and knew the mood was broken, her chance was gone. Silently, she cursed the person outside as she choked back a sob. "Go away, go away! For God's sake go away!" she pleaded under her breath.

There was still one bit of doubt in the wild eyes of the man with the gun, and she knew what it was. He was listening intently to ascertain whether the person out at the buzzer was a chance visitor like a neighbor or a peddler, or whether it was another date, a man Mildred was two-timing him with.

Mildred Carl knew then that if any word was spoken by a man outside her door, that word would be her death warrant.

The buzzer was silent for a moment. Then a voice, a youthful, masculine voice, was heard.

"Come on, Mildred. Answer me. You know how much I want to see you. . . . You said we could have a date . . . Come on . . ."

The boyish plaint was repeated several times, and then given up. The pair inside the apartment heard the receding footsteps in the hall. The face of the man with the gun was knotted into a mask of wild jealousy and murderous hatred.

Before the horrified Mildred could even scream for mercy, two shots rang

END OF A FAMILY...



Crying hysterically, twenty-nine-year-old Mrs. Betty Lou Moore is led into a Harrisonville, Missouri courtroom by Sheriff John Stepien, left, and Deputy Kenneth Wimsatt. She was arraigned on a first-degree murder charge for the fatal shooting of her husband and two children while they were asleep in their Belton home. Moore was a gas-station attendant.

out. The blonde siren fell with both bullets in her brain.

WITHIN a few minutes after the shots rang out on Summit Avenue, a phone rang in Union City Police headquarters.

"Somebody's been shot at 1605 Summit Avenue in Apartment Three. You better get an ambulance over there," said a man's voice.

Before the police operator could reply, the caller hung up. Detective-Lieutenant Arthur Stanton, Detective John Little, and Union City Deputy Chief Edward Mescall found Mildred Carl's door locked when they arrived. They forced it open and hurried to the crumpled form of the blonde hostess, but she was already dead.

Money in her purse immediately eliminated robbery as a motive. The locked apartment with no signs of force applied to door or window latches told the detectives the killer had either come in with Mildred, been let in by her, or had a key to the apartment.

Pathologist Dr. Frank Spano examined the body and declared, "She's only been dead about half an hour."

Stanton pointed out a half bottle of Parmentier brandy on the kitchen table with two glasses. One of them had lipstick on it.

"Here's our lead," he declared. "Check it for fingerprints, and find out who sells that kind of brandy in this area," he told an assistant. "Even if there are no prints, that brandy should help us, because it's an off-brand brand, not much sold around here."

Looking through Mildred Carl's closet, Mescall stopped and sniffed, then motioned to the others. Stanton and Little joined him.

"Cigar smoke," Little said after sniffing among the dresses.

"Yes," Stanton agreed. "And that means some man was hiding in the closet a little while ago—unless we find out she smoked cigars."

Tracing the phone call, the detectives soon discovered that the only phone in the building was in an apartment belonging to a family that had been out all evening.

"Then the call must have been made from some place very near here," Stanton observed, "because it came in about 7:35, only about five minutes after she was shot, according to Dr. Spano's estimate."

A DRUGGIST at the corner remembered a young man running into his shop and making a call about that time, and dashing out again. But he couldn't recall in which direction the man had gone afterwards.

"But he was around that black Cadillac that's still parked across the street," the druggist said, pointing to the car.

"We'll have to check that car out," Arthur Stanton said.

Technicians had found no fingerprints in the murder apartment, ex-

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remembered picking up a man who looked like Balbo four blocks from Mildred Carl's apartment at eight-fifteen on Friday night.

"He was in a big hurry to get to the Bayonne County Park bulkhead on Newark Bay," said the cabbie.

"He threw the gun in the," said Stanton. "Let's look for it."

Before the afternoon was over, divers had brought up a .38 calibre German Mauser from the muddy bottom of Newark Bay. A truck driver who worked with Balbo identified it as belonging to him. Later in the week a key maker was found who had made Balbo a duplicate of a key like the one to Mildred Carl's apartment.

Balbo was indicted for first-degree murder, and went to trial June 6, 1949. When the trial opened he pleaded innocent and refused to talk. But as he listened to the charges being read, the burly killer suddenly stopped the trial and had his lawyer change his plea to guilty.

On June 24th, Hudson County Judge August Ziegner, after listening to the defense attorney beg for clemency because Balbo had a heroic record in World War II, sentenced the defendant to twenty to thirty years in the state penitentiary.

Despite long prongs into the details of the murder, Balbo refused to the last to testify as to motive or to the grim particulars of what went on in Mildred Carl's apartment that violent night.

However, from bits of information he divulged during the earlier investigation and from other evidence gradually pieced together, the grim story of the passion killing in the throes of violent jealousy was finally filled in.

With tragic irony, the feckle blonde with the magnetic appeal died as she lived, surrounded by sweethearts vying for her affections. William Balbo, her jealous lover, died in jail on January 30, 1959.

NOTE: The names Helen Reilly, Rocky Willis and Jimmy Stearns are fictitious.

GRAVE-BOUND REDHEADS

(Continued from page 33)

heavily stacked against the Don Juan.

When he couldn't dodge it any longer, Frank married a demure and pretty young local girl with whom he had gone to school. They settled down in a modest cottage in San Mateo, and soon there was a curly-haired little Alcalde. With the outbreak of World War II, Florencio went to work at the big shipyard of Western Pipe and Steel in South San Francisco.

Frank had never been a particularly devoted nor faithful husband, and now

to her mother in Chicago, to whom she had previously mentioned her steady dates with a man named Frank, whom she identified only by his first name: "He wants to marry me, but I'm afraid!" She didn't give any explanation of why she should be afraid.

On Sunday night, November 22, 1942, Frank called for Bernice about seven o'clock as usual, and as usual, she was all ready and hurried downstairs at his ring, so that he didn't have to come up.

As their evening was later reconstructed, the couple had dropped into a couple of bars down the peninsula, and dined and danced at a night club in San Jose, fifty miles south of San Francisco. They got to talking to an other couple at an adjoining table, exchanged partners for several dances, and at about eleven o'clock, the four left together.

AT eight-thirty, Monday morning, a passing motorist spotted the sprawled body of a woman lying in a plowed field at Diss Road and Alma Street, on the outskirts of Palo Alto near the Stanford University campus. His excited call to the constable brought Sheriff William J. Emig of Santa Clara County up from San Jose with a crew of eager deputies.

The young woman lay face-down in the mud, her face jammed among the clods, and her auburn hair matted with blood. In grotesque contrast to the dreary autumn morning and the bleak surroundings, she wore a high-style black silk dress, and expensive jewelry gleamed on her hands. The back of her head had been beaten in with savage blows of some heavy weapon.

Her bedraggled fur coat was found on the road a short distance away, and one high-heeled slipper was discovered in the field. Chief Criminal Deputy Phil Cuffaro, Emig's identification man, took a plaster cast of tire marks close beside the fence, over which the body had apparently been hoisted from an automobile. He also found the partial print of a man's shoe, and part of a little green feather, the kind that men wear in their hats.

Then a bus driver came forward who had seen the fur coat lying in the road at 12:45 that morning and had noticed a green 1936 Chevrolet sedan standing close to the fence, with its headlights on and a door open. Fearing a hold-up trap, he had driven on, but his evidence established the time the body had been dumped in the field, and checked with the coroner's estimate that the young woman had been killed around midnight.

The murdered woman's battered face and broken fingernails gave evidence of a fierce struggle. She had not been the victim of a sex attack. The only clue to her identity was a large gold initial brooch, "B.C.," on the front of her dress.

Late that afternoon, a San Francisco tobacconist who read the description

of the murdered redhead in the newspapers, called Emig and identified the woman as his clerk, Bernice Curtis.

SOON, the identification was positive, and San Jose and San Francisco detectives were interviewing the murdered divorcee's relatives and friends. They swiftly got on the trail of the mysterious "Frank," but found that no one knew his full name or his address. Bernice's sister recalled only that he worked in a shipyard.

The landlady at the slain redhead's room on San Jose Avenue disclosed that Frank had telephoned about nine o'clock that morning, asking for Bernice. He expressed surprise when he was told that she hadn't been home all night, and said he'd call later.

Bernice's snapshot of her handsome sweetheart couldn't be found in her room. Evidently, she had carried it in her purse, which wasn't found with the body. But the homicide men obtained a good description of him from one of the girls at the cigar store who had been watching several times when he picked up the divorcee in his green Chevrolet sedan.

When Bernice's boy friend didn't turn up by morning, the sheriff was certain of his guilt; if he were innocent, Frank would surely have come.

The landlady's alertness produced another clue. In her garbage pail, she found the discarded box in which Frank had brought Bernice a corsage of violets for their Saturday night date, as was his weekly custom. The florist on Valencia Street remembered him well, and was positive he would able to identify him.

With the cooperation of Sheriff James J. McGrath of the adjoining San Mateo County, Emig began a tedious check of peninsula shipyard workers named Frank, who drove old green Chevrolets.

FRANK Alcalde had covered his tracks well, but not well enough. It was Patrolman August Truggiani of South San Francisco who came up with the vital tip, on Thanksgiving Day.

"This fellow you're looking for—" he told Deputies Cuffaro and George Pyne, "I know a fellow who fits that description to a T, and he drives a green '36 Chevy. I've stopped him a couple of times for speeding. I see him drive past every morning—he works over at Western Pipe and Steel. His name isn't Frank, but—"

The moment they heard the name Florencio Alcalde the deputies remembered the Kathleen Robinson case and the youth who had gotten away with murder.

Now they hastened over to the shipyard and checked the cars in the parking lot. One of the tires of Alcalde's old green sedan matched exactly the cast that Cuffaro had taken at the murder scene.

The rest was homicide routine. The deputies learned Florencio Alcalde was known as Frank. They secured pic-

tures of him from the shipyard personnel office, which the florist, Bernice's sister and the cigar girl instantly identified.

When they picked up the startled Don Juan at his job on the hull of a Liberty Ship and brought him to San Jose, he sullenly denied everything. He claimed he'd never even known Bernice Curtis.

He said he had been playing cards at his hotel in South San Francisco—he'd moved out on his long-suffering wife two weeks before—all Sunday evening, and that his car had been parked outside the hotel all night. But the other card-players said he had left early, and a policeman was sure the car hadn't been parked behind the hotel till one or two a.m.

The florist who had sold Frank the violets identified him to his face, and other pieces of evidence swiftly clicked into their grooves. Alcalde's frightened wife handed over a pile of clothing he had left with her Tuesday night, and lab tests showed bloodstains on the garments. Among them was a grey hat with a broken green feather that fitted the broken piece found near the body.

San Francisco Police Criminologist Francis X. LaTulipe, working with Cuffaro, found fragmentary prints of Bernice's hands and fingers in Frank's car, and established that the pattern of the floor mat matched the scratches on her knees. And witnesses were found who had seen the couple together at various places during Sunday evening.

ALCADE was still protesting his innocence when he went to trial before Superior Judge William F. James at San Jose. But testimony of the identification witnesses and the lab experts left no room for doubt of his guilt. Assistant District Attorney Ameglio Andreucetti theorized that Bernice had found out Frank was a married man, and accused him of betraying her.

On March 10, 1943, the jury found Alcalde guilty of murder in the first degree.

"This is a dirty deal!" he shouted as Judge James sentenced him to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin.

The sleek Don Juan was unpopular with the other men in Death Row, who hung a sign, "Lover Boy," over his cell door. The State Supreme Court turned down his appeal from the death sentence. A week before his scheduled execution, Alcalde sent for Chief Deputy Phil Cuffaro. He admitted to Cuffaro that he had known Bernice Curtis, but named another man as her murderer, a man who, he claimed, had framed him. Cuffaro investigated and satisfied himself that there was nothing to the condemned man's story.

Cursing and sobbing as they dragged him to the death chair, Frank Alcalde died in the gas chamber on August 18, 1944. The lawmen believed his execution was seven years late.

Note: The names Thelma Brewer and Dan Damone are fictitious.



We were stuck in the busy mid-Manhattan street. Behind us the traffic piled bumper to bumper, horns screeching indignantly. The Colonel leaned over to our cab driver. "What's wrong?" he asked.

by Harry Mayer
As told to him by
Colonel Fred P. Dollenberg

caught the plane and pilot and crashed both. Dollenberg was horrified at the accident and at the paralysis of fatalism that seemed to settle on the shoulders of officers and enlisted men alike in the face of a tragedy so senseless. After all, it seemed to say, it is true, isn't it, that more planes are lost through engine failure and other non-combat accidents than are brought down by the Japs? You had to expect such things—and accept them. But Dollenberg couldn't accept them. Not when the cause of this type of accident could be ripped out of the engine.

"Plug failure?" I asked. He nodded, shortly. "This tragedy and others, too. Too many others. Did you know that spark plugs were invented more than 40 years ago for engines whose limit was 20 miles an hour? These very same spark plugs? And that in principle they haven't changed an iota since? Can you imagine a 2000-horsepower motor depending for ignition on a skinny little spark that had been intended to help

Grandpa toot around the square on a Sun day afternoon? Well, that's what these boys had under their P-40 hoods." The accident had started him off on his search, I supposed, and again he nodded. It hadn't been an easy journey. Asphyxiated by a young enthusiasm will always encounter these. I've done many success interviews, and it's a rare success that has been a joy ride. Dollenberg spent long hours of duty working on the problem of the antiquated spark plug, but when the war ended he still hadn't cracked it. Returned to a young wife and family the Colonel organized a non-scheduled commercial airline and operated it for 3 million miles, even introducing gliders for the first time in commercial aviation.

If it hadn't been for some weight-throwing on the part of one of the larger airlines which had begun to smart under the untimely competition it was getting from the Dollenberg outfit, the young man would undoubtedly have succeeded in commercial aviation and this particular story wouldn't have been written. But as it was, Dollenberg was forced out of business on the sort of technicality that somehow seems always to crop out against the small business, not the big. He had to sell.

Well, there he was—with a little money left from the debacle, a family, and a living to make for them. He turned his attention once more to the inactionism of modern engines—the spark plug. Starting again from scratch, he reviewed the problem.

"It's really quite simple," said Col. Dollenberg. "An engine provides power for a vehicle because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas the more force is the cylinder. The more force, the more power. Obviously, therefore, the larger the spark the more gas ignited and burned. What we were after was a much larger spark, a big, fat flame!"

"And the conventional spark plug can't provide it?"

"No, it cannot. Every mechanic knows that."

"And the kid in the plane?"

"The P-40? What killed him was insufficient fire—a spark too skinny to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to climb up and over those trees."

"Why can't the spark plug give a fat spark?" I persisted.

The Colonel spoke simply. "Because of its basic design. Every spark plug has an air gap—.025 to .035 of an inch—and the spark is no larger than the gap. No larger did I say? Only when the plugs are brand new is the spark even as large as Carbon forming immediately as the plug is put into use begins fouling, then running, the tip. The thin wire electrodes begin to wear away. The danger—and enormous expense—of this obsolete mechanism lies in these factors."

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no airgap—which contained no wire electrodes—whose tip would not foul—which would not blow out even at the highest compressions. . . . which would never need a replacement for the life of the engine.

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington.

The Navy didn't accept him with open arms. The principle—Ansel Letts saw it work. And Dollenberg made it work. After the most exhaustive tests, he knew he was in. His LS-702 proto. (Continued on next page)



"The spark plug was invented more than 40 years ago. For the last 26 years it has not been doing an adequate job. The U. S. Navy and Air Force know this only too well. The Naval Bureau of Aeronautics cooperated with me by undertaking extensive, expensive testing to replace obsolete spark plugs with this new efficient type of fuel igniter. We were successful with the LS-702—the aircraft predecessor of the present Lectra Fuel Igniter for automobiles. Today this extraordinary invention is replacing spark plugs in tens of thousands of automobiles throughout the country. By 1961 every car made will carry fuel igniters not spark plugs." . . . Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, U. S. Air Force, from a speech at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, January 8, 1958.

The cabby pointed with his cigarette to the car in front. "Look."

We did. The car ahead of us—a shiny 1959 model—had stalled and the starter clattered endlessly with that empty metallic sound that you know in advance is not going to make the motor catch. Twisting the ignition key in helpless fury, the unfortunate motorist at the same time was exchanging uncomplimentary opinions with the drivers of the vehicles snarled behind him. At length he pined out of the car, wrenched at the hood, and looked fiercely at the inert engine. To no one in particular, but as though to vindicate himself to his tormenters, he shouted: "I just know it's those damned spark plugs. Only two thousand miles and already they're shot!"

Startled, I turned to my companion "Colonel." I demanded, "Is this a plant?" He laughed back at me, then he got it and he began to stare. So did I, in a moment, and there we were in this taxicab, stalled between skyscrapers and going no place, rearing as though we'd never stop.

Spark plugs! That was the joke. The Colonel and I were on our way to his downtown office where I was scheduled to interview him for a magazine story. The subject—spark plugs.

You see, Col. Fred Dollenberg is the inventor and manufacturer of a device which is designed to allow automobiles to run without spark plugs!

Later, sitting in his top floor office, with the drapes parted to reveal the exciting lower Manhattan skyline, I got a more leisurely look at the Colonel. I wondered and asked about his smashed nose—the war maybe?—and he smiled and said no, just an opposing tackle with a very hard head. Dollenberg was a star fullback at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia before he joined the Army Air Force as a pilot immediately after he got his degree as an engineer. After war was declared against Japan and Germany, he saw enough action to later receive the Inquirer Hero Award as Philadelphia's most decorated flyer, succeeding a similar award to Marine hero Al (Pete of the Marines) Schmidt. He was one of the first to personally pilot Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Evidently there was considerable brilliance to this young fighter, he started the climb up to the brass, and some of the military manuals he was charged with preparing are still used by the Air Force. (Only part of this did I drag out of Dollenberg. Indeed it was only through reading a newspaper lie that I learned of the Colonel's outstanding combat record.)

It was while Dollenberg was in command of a task force of seasoned P-40 pilots that a grim accident took place which set the then Capt. Dollenberg off on his restless search for perfection. A young ace, coming in safe and sound from a mission where he had done though murderously enemy fire, never made it to his safe but a few hundred yards away. He nosed a bit too low—no engine power to get the plane up quickly—and the trees that lay just short of the runway

HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING \$100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUGS	FUELS	SAVINGS
Cleaning Gaping Replacing Gas Consumption Additional cost of premium gas	several times a year 600 gallons \$50 a year	never 465 gallons not a cent	\$10 per year \$40 per year \$50 per year
			TOTAL SAVINGS = \$100 per year

type was approved for U. S. Navy high-compression engine use.

If that had been it, it still would have made a good story—the revolutionary change that a fuel igniter plug had effected in military aircraft. But that wasn't all. Dolbenberg turned to the field of automobiles.

For more than 40 years the old-fashioned spark plug had been the standard gas igniter for every car made. During that time engine power had soared from less than 20 horse to 100 horsepower. Every year the puny spark plug with its skinny little flame became less able to do its job. The new high-compression engines were now burning out spark plugs in a few thousand miles of driving. In 1958 Americans paid more than \$500 million dollars merely to replace worn-out spark plugs. To provide what spark plugs could not do, the big oil companies began to produce super and super-super gas—at super prices! Not only were car owners spending a huge sum for plugs each year—they were also spending a fortune in premium gas for the privilege of keeping spark plugs in their engines. And even at that they were not getting their money's worth, as the new cars they bought very soon became sluggish ones.

If ever there was a call for a modern, efficient ignition mechanism to go with the modern automobile, this was it. Dolbenberg heard the call. He marketed the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!

There were problems. Little ones like designing the aircraft igniter to the same size and shape as the conventional automobile spark plug it was to replace. And even ones such as getting a small word heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit automobile kingdom. Dolbenberg was helped by the alacrity of fleet operators whose business depended upon efficiency and economy. Taxicabs running triple-shift around the clock installed the Fuel Igniter and reported a 10-20% increased gas mileage per car! Truck owners followed suit—and then the motorist. In less than 12 months, sales of the LECTRA Fuel Igniter zoomed into the million dollar stratosphere!

I asked Dolbenberg about the LECTRA advertising claim that had jolted motorists all over the country. "Colonel, you've made the guarantee that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER will save a car owner \$100 a year or that you will take back the igniter and refund their money. How do you arrive at that one hundred dollars figure?"

"It's based on the average of 10,000 miles of driving in one year. First there will be a saving of one \$10 to \$12 a year in eliminating spark-plug cleaning, gapping, and adjusting at 5,000 miles, replacement at 10,000 miles."

"Does that mean that the Fuel Igniter will need no cleaning or replacing for a whole year?"

"It means that the Fuel Igniter will never have to be cleaned or replaced!"



mean that we guarantee that it will outlast the life of any car! Not only that; we are also guaranteeing that the Fuel Igniter will squeeze up to 6—maybe 8—more miles out of every gallon of gas purchased the first year and every year or we will replace them free until they do that. That's a saving of \$40 per year. And it will do this using regular gas—economy gas—not the super gas bought at such whopping prices. That means a saving of \$50 each year. And the Life Igniter will do the every year of the car's life—they improve with age. They never wear out!"

As Dolbenberg talked I drew up a chart. You can see it at the top of this page.

I said to Dolbenberg, "Colonel, to a person like myself—a guy who drives a car well but knows next to nothing about its mechanism—who's always felt the car runs better after it's had a wash—how well I know right away I've really got something after I've switched from spark plugs to Fuel Igniter!"

The Colonel beamed at me in sympathy. "I've always felt it a pity they don't teach mechanics to all school children. I think I know just how you feel. Anyway—very seriously—please listen to this: The first time you press the starter after you've installed the igniter (very simple—by the way), you'll hear and feel an instant clean throb and an immediate warm roar of the engine. I tell you, you'll be astonished. Even on the coldest morning you'll get a thrill, listening to your engine kicking over instantly and then settling quickly into a smooth purr. As for starting in traffic, like that few did this afternoon, that won't happen to you. Stalling is almost always traceable to a faulty spark—and the igniter will not fault. Climbing and passing? Even a big 325 horsepower car can't do a fast pass on a hill or when it tries to pass if suddenly the spark plugs aren't burning sufficient gas. That won't happen to you. Instead you'll climb and pass more swiftly than you've ever known because you'll be burning gas, not wasting it. You've heard about the simple exhaust test? Try it. First, with the spark plugs in place, let the engine idle and stuff a ball of white absorbent cotton into the mouth of the exhaust. It will come out soaked with unused gasoline. Then try it with igniter replacing the plugs. The cotton ball will be almost dry. The gas burned instead of escaping through the exhaust! Or here's something else. Again with spark plugs in the car go into gear—or in drive if you have an automatic transmission. Don't touch the accelerator. Now note how the car lurches forward— if at all. Then unscrew the plugs and put back the igniter. If you stood still with spark plugs you'll move forward from 4 to 6 miles an hour with the igniter while not touching the gas pedal. The gas that was required with spark plugs in your car merely to idle your motor without being able to move it forward, carries you forward up to six miles an hour with igniter in the engine! One more final thing—with spark plugs a car must be looked over and adjusted several times a year. You know that from your own experience. But can you appreciate the concept of never, never having to remove or change spark plugs because you don't carry any? The concept of Fuel Igniters becoming permanent installations in your engine— for the life of your engine?"

"Well, yet with all this—believe it or not—

I still haven't fully answered your question. Now you'll see more and less gas—the savings on your battery increased RPM—how carbon—the enemy of spark plugs—actually increases the efficiency of Fuel Igniters. But what I've tried to say is that the spark plug is as inferior to the Fuel Igniter as the wagon is to the modern automobile. And just as outdated. Auto mechanics know this now. The ordinary motorist is learning about it fast."

"One last question. What about Detroit, Col. Dolbenberg? Do you feel you're fighting a crusade?"

Dolbenberg looked out of the window, out into the dusk of the city. There was a reflective quietness about him as he thought of his reply. Then he said, "No, we don't believe we're fighting the big spark plug manufacturers' Oth, there's bound to be a competitive fight soon because it's a matter of only a short time before these gangs will all scrap their investments in the old spark plug and turn to the manufacture of fuel igniters. Meanwhile—to put it quite candidly—there'll be, of course, that huge investment in stocks of spark plugs to liquidate while the big fellows are attempting to unload. LECTRA will be booming along." The grin came out again as he said, "I hope they take their time about it. At the rate we're going we'll be able to wait to take care of our selves shortly."

I got up to go, convinced that Dolbenberg's quiet confidence was well-founded. The product and the man were right for each other. Here's an incident which impressed me. A short time ago LECTRA ran a contest to send an advancement in the motor New York Times. One of the replies they got was from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who put it to LECTRA right on the line. Said the Pennsylvania man:

"I've read your ad in the New York Times. What I want you to do before I order a set is for you to send me a copy of that ad through the United States mails. Then if your Fuel Igniters won't come through with all those fancy promises—and if you don't send my money back if they don't perform as you say—I'll have Uncle Sam on my side while I go after you." The hard-bitten Pennsylvania man was sent the ad through the mails, all right. And he ordered a set of Fuel Igniters. LECTRA wasn't fearful that Uncle Sam would be after them. Because—and here was the kicker—Uncle is a LECTRA customer! Many military installations have field-tested the Fuel Igniter. As a result of these field tests, many thousand Fuel Igniters have been purchased by these government units.

So that's the story of The Big Fat Flame. I'm leaving a little space for a message from Col. Dolbenberg. Meanwhile I'm on my way outside to the garage with my set of Fuel Igniters. I can't wait to get rid of those spark plugs!

This article has been prepared both as an advertisement for the LECTRA Fuel Igniter and as a public service. Especially so I wish to emphasize the written guarantee. It is flatter to be implied. It is said that since the invention of the LECTRA Fuel Igniter there have appeared so-called "imitations" which have failed to perform as promised. We state fairly and sincerely, that we use such every claim that appears in Mr. Meyer's story. Please look very carefully at the table which follows. The table compares figures in this chart are compiled from extensive field tests by individual and private users.

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS

NOTE—All LECTRA equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS (selected from many reports and field tests).

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Mileage Per Gallon	LECTRA Fuel Igniter Mileage Per Gallon	When Igniter Installed	When Extra Mileage Per Gallon
1936	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	28%	4.5
1937	Oldsmobile	17.1	20.3	18.7%	3.2
1938	Oldsmobile	17.1	20.3	18.7%	3.2
1939	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.6	21%	4.4
1940	Ford Fariante	14.0	21.2	52%	7.2
1941	Oldsmobile	16.5	21.6	31%	5.1
1942	Oldsmobile	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1943	Pontiac	15.6	18.1	14%	2.5
1944	Pontiac 600	16.0	18.1	13%	2.1
1945	Back Super	19.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1946	Chrysler	16.9	22.8	46.8%	6.9
1947	Pontiac V8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1948	Oldsmobile	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City. Nothing is as exacting as compromising as old statistics in the final analysis, and we are proud to show the extraordinary benefits of the LECTRA Fuel Igniter as its performance in point over automobile.

Therefore we guarantee lead state law regulation and our business on this guarantee! That LECTRA Fuel Igniters must be everything we say they are, everything we have used to expect. They must make your car perform as you never thought it would and on regular gas. You will see YOUR OWN GUARANTEE! Gas easier starting, faster pick-up, improved economy (do conform to the table above) or you can return to us after 10-day trial and get back every dollar paid without question and without delay. What's the reason? We must continue to function properly for the life of your car or they will be replaced until they do.

We've taken a lot of time in presenting our story. Now there's nothing else to say, the rest is up to you. Fuel Igniter. If you want to try them here is our guarantee that you will be refunded to you as soon as we receive your order. For your convenience we are adding a coupon to the bottom of this page. If you'll fill it out and mail it to us, it can promise you the most exciting automobile experience you've ever had.

Sincerely, *John P. Dolbenberg*
LECTRA Fuel Igniter Co.

LECTRA Fuel Igniter Co., Dept. GM-76
1111 E. 17th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Push my LECTRA Fuel Igniter by return mail on my money back guarantee

☐ I enclose \$12.00 for 1 igniter
☐ I enclose \$12.00 for 2 igniters
☐ I enclose \$5 for _____ igniters at \$2.00 each

Send _____ igniter C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay remainder balance on delivery after showing guarantee.

My car is _____ year _____ make _____ model _____

no. of cylinders _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"WOMEN ALL DIE FOR ME!"

(Continued from page 39)

one of self-recrimination. "It was my fault, I know," he said, "and I think she went away, just to teach me a lesson. She'll be back, though. Don't worry."

But a week went by, and Evelyn wasn't back, and by this time Missing Persons had referred the case to Homicide, convinced that no one could have vanished so completely unless there were foul play. Lieutenant Ethan Allen looked over the available data and had Detectives Carl Salaba and Melvin Plummer check out some of the more curious aspects of the case.

"Find out," Allen said, "if she had a boy friend. Or if her husband had a girl friend. Her husband was fired from his job last Saturday—find out why. Ask everyone in the neighborhood whether any of them saw her leave the house. And the landlady—tell her not to be polite about the Boeseneilers but to tell everything she knows about their married life. And maybe some of her girl friends had her confidence. I want to know everything about her and her husband."

EVERYONE questioned protested the suggestion that Evelyn might have had a boy friend. She was, as soon became apparent, a devoted mother, a faithful wife, and a hard worker. The landlord and his wife did say, however, that lately the young couple had been quarreling a great deal. They added that they'd never seen anything to indicate that Bob had been playing around with other women, however.

When Detectives Plummer and Salaba talked to Bob's boss at the Coffman Bowling Alleys, he was reluctant to tell the reason for Boeseneiler's dismissal, but finally admitted it was because there was a shortage of \$600 in his accounts.

"Why didn't you press charges against him?" Plummer asked.

"He promised to make good the money," the owner said, "and he did. Just a few days after I dismissed him."

"He didn't mention where he got it, by any chance?" Salaba asked.

"No. That was none of my business."

From others around the Alleys, the investigators learned that Bob was quite a guy with the ladies, and was rumored to have several girls on the string. One of them was reputed to have money, and to have given Bob a number of expensive presents.

WHEN the two officers made their report to Lieutenant Allen, he

decided that it would be interesting to know where Boeseneilers had gotten the money to pay back Coffman. A quick check showed there had been no loan made at any bank or finance company, and Bob had nowhere near that amount in his own account. The police learned he had an insurance policy, but he had borrowed up to the limit on that some time previously. Deciding that Bob had gotten the money from friends, Lieutenant Allen was anxious to find out specifically which friends they were. He was intensely interested in the rumor of the wealthy girl friend.

Once again, Plummer and his partner began their leg work. Soon they were talking to one of Bob's friends who, with three others, had contributed \$350 to keep their buddy out of jail.

"Have any idea where he got the rest of the money?" Plummer asked.

"He didn't steal it, if that's what you're thinking!" the friend said.

"We're not making any guesses," Plummer said. "We're trying to find out facts. It would help both him and us to know where he got the money."

"Okay, then," the man said. "He got it from a woman he goes with who lives over in Golden Valley. She's a divorcee, and she really goes for Bob. You'd find it out sooner or later, anyway, so I don't feel I'm lettin' him down by telling you. Her name's Mrs. Ruth Strand, and you'll find her name in the book."

THE detectives found the address, and that afternoon were talking to Mrs. Strand in the living room of her comfortable ranch house. She was a voluptuous blonde of thirty-five and she showed annoyance at Plummer's question about the money.

"Sure, I lent Bob \$250. Why?"

"We're just checking out tangents in an investigation," the detective answered. "We're trying to find out everything we can about Boeseneilers, because his wife has disappeared under very suspicious circumstances."

Mrs. Strand frowned, puzzled. "His wife? You mean his ex-wife, don't you?"

"Didn't he tell you he was married?"

"No, not any longer. He said he was divorced."

Plummer coughed, then asked, "Did you—er—have any understanding with him?"

"Yes. We planned to get married," she said.

When Plummer revealed that Boeseneilers was still very much married the chagrined divorcee revealed that she'd known Bob about three months, and he'd spent a great deal of time with her. Here, the detectives figured, was motive enough for murder: a lovely woman who was obviously well-off. It was the ideal set-up for a guy who was a chronic job-loser.

After they left the house, the detectives walked around the grounds,

TRAVEL



NICE HOME

FINE CAR



To those
who want
to enjoy an

GOOD SALARY

ACCOUNTING CAREER

If you're that person, here's something that will interest you. Not a magic formula—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you've got to pay the price, study carefully. Still, wouldn't it be worth while for a brief period—provided the rewards were good—job security, prestige, fine income? An accountant's duties are interesting, varied, of real worth to his employer.

Why not, like so many before you, let LaSalle's Problem Method start you climbing?

Suppose you could work in a large accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant—solving easy problems at first, then more difficult ones. With his advice, soon you'd master them all. That's what LaSalle's Problem Method gives you.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

We train you from the ground up—Basic Accounting, Principles, Cost Accounting—right through Federal Income Tax and as high as Certified Public Accountant Training. You progress as rapidly as you care to—start cashing in while still learning.

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which Mrs. Strand had said Bob helped her to keep in shape, looking for freshly-turned earth that might be a grave. Finding nothing, they returned to Headquarters to report to Lieutenant Allen.

THE lieutenant came to the point bluntly, after listening to the report.

"I think it's about time we searched Boeseneilers' house and asked him some questions. Nobody saw his wife leave the house, and no one's seen her since a week ago last Saturday. Her parents haven't heard from her, and there isn't a single reason she should have run away. She was in good shape mentally and physically. Her folks and her doctor have said that. I'll get a warrant, and we'll take a look around his house right away."

A swarm of detectives and technicians descended on the house and grounds, but didn't, at first, find anything suspicious. Boeseneilers arrived in his car just as they were finishing the search, and wanted to know what was going on.

"Your wife is missing," a detective said, "and we're looking for clues to her disappearance."

Plummer had been having a last look through the bedroom, and in the closet, he suddenly found something suspicious. It was a woman's khaki jacket, and on the right sleeve were some rust-brown stains. When he called to the others, Boeseneilers came in with them.

"Looks like it might be blood," Plummer said, indicating the jacket.

"No, it couldn't be," Bob said, nervously, and Plummer noted that he darted a glance at the double bed.

"Why couldn't it?" Plummer asked.

"She might have cut herself sometime." Slowly, he walked across the room and over to the bed. He flung back the coverlet and saw that the linen was snowy clean and fresh—unused. Then he pulled a pillow slip off and saw tiny brown spots on the ticking. He made no comment as he walked out of the room carrying the jacket and pillow. The others followed. In the living room he said to Bob, "I'd like to look at your car."

Boeseneilers led him to the car and opened the door of his Pontiac. On the floor in the rear was a pair of shoes, caked with mud, which Bob explained he'd muddled while he'd visited his in-laws in Cottage Grove. When Plummer asked for the key to the trunk, Bob said he'd lost it, but an officer opened it with a tire iron. Inside, Plummer found a shovel and what appeared to be the bedroom wastebasket, in which was a white purse, spattered with what looked like blood, a brassiere, a brown-stained rolling pin with a broken handle, and two spotted pillow cases. The trunk was full of dried mud, like the shovel, and there was a blood-stained towel tucked into a cor-

ner of it. One look at Boeseneilers' white face was enough to prompt the next question.

"All right," said Plummer, "what did you do with her?"

"N—nothing. I—I don't know anything. I don't know how those things got in my car."

"What you need is time to think," said Plummer. "And you'll have time to think while we ride down to Headquarters. There are going to be an awful lot of questions."

IT wasn't until the next day that Boeseneilers cracked. In the interim, detectives once more went through the house, this time finding a certificate of divorce granted in 1952 from a woman Bob had married in Florida in 1946. He had, then, been a bigamist when he married Evelyn in 1950. When he finally decided to talk, all Boeseneilers said at first was, "I did it. Now let me take you to where I buried her."

At his direction, he was driven to a spot on the outskirts of Cottage Grove, only a couple of miles from his in-laws' house. It was to the edge of the town dump that he led the officers, some equipped with shovels, and indicated an area where there'd been recent digging. Soon the policemen had dug down and found the body of Evelyn, shrouded in a lavender blanket and wearing a pink nightgown. A handkerchief was stuffed in her mouth, a wire looped taut around her neck, and her forehead was one ugly bruise.

AFTER returning to headquarters, Bob dictated a fourteen-page confession, stating that after lengthy quarrels on Saturday night he'd struck her with a rolling pin, but swore he hadn't strangled her with the wire.

She was dead, however, when he placed her body in the bed alongside his sleeping son. In the morning he got Mike dressed, took him out to Mrs. Strand's, and together they went to Mother's Day services at the church in Golden Valley.

When he and the boy got home, he put his wife's body into the blanket and tucked it into the trunk of the car. For a day he kept her body there, then on Monday night drove to the dump and buried her. It was at this time he lost the key, and although he knew he should get rid of the items in the trunk, he was afraid to force open the trunk because it might throw suspicion on him.

On October 3, 1956, Boeseneilers went on trial, charged with first-degree murder. He was found guilty after only a few hours of deliberation. The next day he was sentenced to not less than seven and no more than thirty years in the Minnesota State Penitentiary at Stillwater.

Note: The name Mrs. Ruth Strand is fictitious to spare an innocent person unnecessary embarrassment.

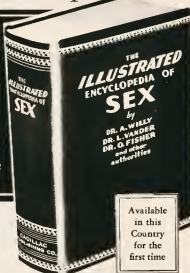
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with him far more often than she actually did.

Whatever the true reason for Louise Bergen's deception, it added complicating factors to the case. Her casual dating and lack of interest in any one man could lead to jealousy between suitors. Each might think she preferred the other. Some man who wanted to marry her might have become enraged by her failure to make a decision in his favor exclusively. He might then have killed in a fit of fury.

As police talked with Bergen, a small child suddenly entered the room. The officers were startled.

"Do you room here with a family?" one of them asked Bergen.

"Yes," he said.

He lived in this house with Mrs. Edythe Klump. She was, he explained, a teacher of sewing to adults at evening classes in several city high schools. When a child's cries from the kitchen interrupted the questioning, Detective Moore raised an eyebrow.

"How many children does she have?" he asked.

Bergen explained the complex situation. The youngsters in the house at the moment, he said, were not Mrs. Klump's own. She had been married and divorced twice and had four children of her own. None of these lived with her, however. All were cared for by relatives. The three youngsters in the house were foster children, whom she housed.

"Did Mrs. Klump know your wife?" Moore asked.

Yes, Bergen admitted, the two women knew each other.

Mrs. Klump was questioned. Three hours of going over every detail of the complex relationships among the three people—William and Louise Bergen and Edythe Klump—failed to produce any evidence of any significance.

THE discovery of Louise Bergen's car a few days later helped fill in some blank spaces in the tentative schedule of her movements just before she disappeared. On Tuesday, November 4th, it was spotted in a lot at the Swifton shopping center by Patrolman Charles Watkins as he was comparing license numbers of parked vehicles with those on a stolen-car list.

Scientific examination of the Oldsmobile revealed no signs of blood or evidence that any violence had taken place in it. A folder containing transit company papers was found and returned to Louise Bergen's superior. The man explained that while the auto registration list listed the company as owner, the car was in the process of being transferred to Louise Bergen.

"She was going to pay for it, out of her salary in regular installments," he said.

Since the shopping center was far from both her home and her office, it was apparent that Louise Bergen had gone there expressly to meet someone and had gone off in another car. Obviously, she had not expected to be gone long. The papers she had left behind were too important to her job to be abandoned thoughtlessly.

"Whoever it was she met," Chief Sundman summed up, "it was someone she knew."

No homicidal stranger could have forced the woman into a car against her will. In the busy shopping center, her

cries would have brought help. The killer had to be someone she trusted. Detectives returned to the stories of everyone they had questioned so far. Carefully, they checked and re-checked each account for signs of some discrepancy or inconsistency that could provide them with an opening wedge that would break the case.

It was hard to check alibis, however. There was no way of knowing exactly when the woman died. Chief Sundman advanced the theory that Louise Bergen had ridden from the shopping center to some unknown spot where the fatal attack had taken place. Then her body had been carried to the scene of cremation near Lake Cowan, either by the killer or a confederate.

A WEEK after the disappearance of Louise Bergen, a pair of glasses and a shoe were found in a gravel pit a few miles from the spot where the body had been found. Both items were identified by the dead woman's mother as belonging to Louise. The eyeglasses matched her optical prescription. There was no way of knowing, however, whether these items had been dropped during a struggle with her killer or had been thrown from a passing car after the crime was committed. All this did not bring the police nearer to a suspect—but something else did.

In the course of being re-questioned, William Bergen repeated his story with no damaging inconsistencies. He repeated that he was quite fond of his wife and would have welcomed a reconciliation.

"She didn't file for a divorce all this time," he pointed out to police. "I think maybe she was figuring we ought to get together again, too."

Louise Bergen's intentions toward her husband suddenly assumed major importance. If she intended to go back to living with him, her decision might have provided someone with motive for violence. The police spotlight fell on the two men the dead woman had dated...

THESE two men stuck to their original stories doggedly. Although they were questioned independently, they told much the same stories. Neither of them felt Louise Bergen had been really interested in him. Her dates led to no romance.

"She said she wasn't interested in a reconciliation with her husband," one of the men admitted; then he added thoughtfully, "but just the same, I think that's what she really wanted."

Both men indicated that the few times they met the victim they had not time to become emotionally involved with her. Certainly, to the trained eyes of the detectives, neither of them seemed to reveal that intensity of feeling which is invariably present prior to an act of violence. But then, neither did anyone else they had questioned in connection with the crime show unusual signs of emotion.

Mrs. Klump, in fact, admitted that she not only knew Louise Bergen, but had offered to act as ambassador of good will between the couple if they ever decided to get together again. As a matter of routine, the police checked on Mrs. Klump's background.

A NATIVE of Cincinnati, Mrs. Klump was a hard-working, energetic woman who sometimes held several jobs at the same time. Before she took on the job

Rinse Away Your Blackheads ... Lure Out Acne Pimples ... Help Shrink Enlarged Pores

By RICHARD ESTRIN

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Your pores become choked and clogged. Your natural oils are stopped up and harden into blackheads or pimples. They try to push out, forcing pores to open wider. Once this starts (especially during adolescence, when glandular disturbances make your skin extra oily) the condition grows worse as you grow older. And when this happens, it may become impossible to correct unless you change your complexion care immediately!

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ABOVE, LEFT: a typical example resulting from improper skin care. ABOVE, RIGHT: 10 minutes with a skin specialist's home medical described in this article may pave the way to a remarkably clearer skin.

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as sewing teacher, she had worked for the State Police at Lunken Airport, and in her off hours, she was employed by the airport restaurant as a waitress. In addition, she always boarded children at her home. Although she never had more than four youngsters at a time in her care, as many as a score would pass through her home in the course of a year.

A check by Moore and Stagenhorst at the schools in which Edythe Klumpp taught evening sewing classes recently; she had not missed a session recently; and certainly not on the evening of October 30th, the last day on which Louise Bergen was seen alive. But one of her pupils made a surprising remark that was to change the entire course of the investigation.

"I didn't know her name was Mrs. Klumpp," the student confessed.

"What did you think it was?" Stagenhorst inquired.

"Bergen. Edythe Bergen."

When the newspaper accounts reported Louise Bergen's death and her pupils commented on the similarity of names, Mrs. Klumpp explained she was married to the dead woman's former husband.

THE picture of a love triangle was vivid in the minds of the detectives as they pondered the implications of what they had learned. They presented the outline of their suspicions to Chief Sundman at police headquarters.

Then, acting on instructions from Sundman, Detectives Moore and Stagenhorst began to re-question everyone concerned in the case. They went back to the house on Bloomingdale Road and asked William Bergen if he would permit them to give him a "lie detector" test. Bergen readily consented. Mrs. Klumpp was just as anxious to clear her name.

"I've told you everything I know," she said. "But if William is willing to take the test, I am too."

ON Wednesday, November 19th, William Bergen faced the polygraph. He answered questions about his relationship with Edythe Klumpp. He had met the slim, forty-year-old blonde while she was a waitress at the airport restaurant. He had dated her several times during the period when his marriage with Louise Bergen was going on the rocks. To the question of whether he had killed his wife, he answered with a firm, "No." The polygraph chart indicated he was telling the truth.

Mrs. Klumpp sailed through the test with equal confidence. The questions used to establish her pulse pattern, breathing rate and the other factors that go into the graph were simple enough. But when she was asked, "Did you kill Louise Bergen?" the needle leaped wildly.

Panic shone in her blue eyes for the first time. "I shouldn't have let you put this machine on me!" she gasped.

"Did you kill Louise Bergen?" the question was repeated.

With trembling lips, Edythe Klumpp began to confess . . .

"I once called me a little before five o'clock on October 30th," she related, "and said she wanted to talk to me—it was important. I agreed to meet her at the Swift shopping center."

Mrs. Bergen left her own car behind, and the two women drove in Mrs. Klumpp's car to a quiet spot in Hartwell

where they parked. Then, according to this account, Mrs. Klumpp went into the back seat of her car. A soda pop bottle was on the floor. She bent to pick it up and looked up to see Mrs. Bergen pointing a gun at her.

"I grabbed for the gun," Mrs. Klumpp told police. "We kind of wrestled around, and the gun went off—it was pointed up under her chin. The blood gushed out—I was panic-stricken."

She said that she then put Louise Bergen's body in the trunk of her car and returned home. The next day, she drove with three of the children boarding with her to a filling station where she bought a gallon can of gasoline. Then she described the drive to the spot near Lake Cowan where she dragged the body into a clump of bushes, saturated it with the gas and set it on fire.

With the sequence of events now made clearer, the medical examiner was able to offer the possible explanation that the carbon monoxide in Louise Bergen's blood stream came not from the fire, but was inhaled during her last dying breaths in the car trunk. Exhaust fumes from the car would account for the presence of the deadly gas. The story told by Mrs. Klumpp led to further examination of the dead woman's skull. Small pieces of metal were found in it. It was now obvious these had come from a shattered bullet.

WHEN Edythe Klumpp was charged with first-degree murder, she persisted in saying the shooting was an accident. She explained the burning of the body as an afterthought, "not so much to destroy it, but because I was afraid of fingerprints or some other evidence that might point to me." The authorities had reason to believe that the murder was pre-meditated, however.

The shocked and stunned William Bergen admitted he owned a .22-caliber pistol which his estranged wife had given to him the Christmas before, while they were still living together. When he moved out, he took it with him. He had shown Mrs. Klumpp how to use it, and it was kept in her house.

After further questioning on this point, Mrs. Klumpp admitted that this was the gun that had killed Louise Bergen. She had taken it with her to the appointment with the estranged wife of the man she loved. It was a telling point in the prosecution of her trial.

Her protests that, "I'm no monster . . . It was only an accident. I'm not a hot-tempered woman," was countered by the manager of the airport restaurant where she had worked. She used to like to sit with the customers after her work was over, he recalled. When the official ruled, that as an employee she must not mingle with the patrons, Edythe Klumpp, the man reported, had threatened to kill him.

The only witnesses to the events on the 31st of October—the three tots boarding with Edythe Klumpp—were too young to testify to the horror their uncomprehending eyes had seen. But the evidence produced by the police more than offset this fact.

Justice, in its slow but inexorable way, brought the blonde killer to trial almost a year later. On September 3rd, 1939, Mrs. Klumpp rode the 111 miles from Cincinnati to the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus. There she became a resident in death row, to sit it out till December 15th, the day the court has set for her electrocution for the murder of Louise Bergen.

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by CARL HANDEL

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It is a formula that I got from the Eskimos. Eskimos must catch fish in order to live. They can't depend on luck. They depend on a formula. I learned this secret formula from them during the years I was a guide in the Arctic. But I'll tell you about that later.

Right now I want to say this: You have never seen or heard of anything like my formula because nobody else in the entire civilized world has it. The Eskimos had another name for it, but I call it "Ketchem," because that is just what it does. And I am willing to share my fish-catching method with you without your risking one red cent. If it doesn't do everything I say it will—yes, if it doesn't do even more—then you will have a lot of fun FREE. I'll take your word for the results you get, no questions asked.

I want you to put my formula to the toughest tests you can think of. After you get your no-risk bottle of "Ketchem," just do this: Go to your favorite fishing spot, lake, pond, brook, stream or river. Fish for whatever kind of fish you want—trout, bass, salmon, perch, crappies, bullheads or anything else—including deep sea fish. Use any kind of bait you prefer—minnows, worms, artificial lures. Sit there for one hour. Tabulate the results. NOW, open your "Ketchem" bottle and put just one drop on the bait. Toss the bait back in the water and see what happens. Within two to four seconds, every fish within 200 feet will streak right to the bait. You'll be in for the greatest excitement you've ever known as a fisherman. I guarantee this. Remember, you're trying "Ketchem" entirely at my risk.

If you want to see this kind of action right before your eyes and without waiting to get to a fishing spot, do what I did recently on a television show. Maybe you saw this show. The announcer set out a goldfish bowl with



CARL HANDEL
Fisherman - Guide

He says, "Fish bite like hungry wolves when they get a whiff of 'KETCHEM'."

six goldfish in it. All six fish were either fat and lazy or else they were hypnotized by the bright lights. They were almost motionless. Then I put one drop of "Ketchem" on a matchstick and stuck the matchstick in the water. It was like pulling a trigger on a loaded gun. Instantly all six of those little goldfish converged like lightning on the matchstick. They were so excited they flipped water clear out of the bowl.

Actually there's nothing mysterious about the formula that made these dull, torpid fish suddenly act like hungry wolves. Basically this Eskimo formula is nothing more than employing Nature's own way of stimulating fish to reproduce. But Nature releases this gland stimulating odor only once a year. With "Ketchem," you can perform this seeming miracle any time and any place.

"Ketchem" is absolutely harmless to fish. It has been tested and approved by CONSERVATION AUTHORITIES IN 44 OF THE 48 STATES. Conservation authorities, mind you. I have written proof of this on file

in my office. I have had many invitations from these same Conservation authorities to make up "Ketchem" in bulk form for them to use in State Fish Hatcheries. That's because "Ketchem" not only stimulates fish, it also accelerates their growth.

Well, this is about all I've got to say. Now I want you to try "Ketchem" yourself. I know that if you try it just once you'll never want to fish without it and I'll have a steady customer for life. During my years in the Arctic, I was a guide for engineers and prospectors. We got a few millionaires too—up for the hunting and fishing. I showed them the secret of fishing I had learned from the Eskimos and one of these men produced me into putting "Ketchem" on the market. He thought it was such a boon to fishermen that I ought to share my "secret" with others. I agreed with him and that's the reason for printing the announcement you are now reading.

What about the price of "Ketchem"? Primarily, I'm a guide and a fisherman. All I know about costs and profits are what an accountant told me. He adds up the price of the refined ingredients, the cost of the bottles, cartons, handling, wrapping, postage and what it costs to run this advertisement in the magazine. Then he added a small profit for my time and work and came up with a price of \$2.00.

So here's what you do. Use the coupon that's printed inside in the corner. Write your name and address on it, stick it in an envelope with \$2.00 and drop the envelope in the corner mailbox next time you go out. Or, if you want to save \$1.00, send me a \$5 bill and I'll mail you THREE bottles of "KETCHEM" worth \$6.00. I'll hold your money as a deposit until you decide what you want to do. If you find that "Ketchem" isn't as good or better than I claim, return what's left and I'll send back your deposit by return mail. If you agree with me that this Eskimo formula really does the trick—gets you all the fish you can handle—even in "fished out" waters—then I'll keep your deposit as payment in full. I'll trust you all the way because I've never met a dishonest fisherman yet. And you have a full 90 days to make up your mind.

So fill in and mail the coupon right now. You'll be glad you did because you've got a lot of fishing fun ahead of you.

CARL HANDEL "KETCHEM," DEPT. C-8

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STABBED HIM—RATHER THAN SHARE HIM!

(Continued from page 19)

haired, dull-haired, and you had to be a genius to make them attractive, but they had it made. They didn't have to wait for some guy to come through on a promise. For them all promises, or most of them, had been fulfilled. And look at her. Pretty face. Swell figure. Guys always giving her the eye. Before she became a beautician—or hair stylist, as she preferred to be called—she had been a barmaid, and lots of guys made a play for her at the bar. She always got big tips. But what else did her looks get her? A big fat promise, with nothing in it.

That was what she got for being a one-man dame. She had been engaged to him for the last five years, since she was a dumb kid of eighteen. Now she was twenty-three and still engaged, and still dumb. If she had any brains, she would drop him. Forget him. Plenty of guys around. Drop the bum. The blonde could have him . . .

THE blonde . . . Diane Bennett . . . She's as bad as I am, the redhead thought, her mouth becoming more bitter. She's always after him, phoning his apartment. And him insisting he was through with Diane. In a pig's eye. If he was through, then why did she keep calling? If he was through with her, why didn't he tell her off?

Yes, the smart thing to do was break with him, once and for all. Okay. So the blonde would have him. So what? He was no prize package. Let her have him.

No! No! No! Crazy about him. Wild about him. Can't give him up, ever, ever. Oh, God, when's he going to stop promising to marry me? When's he going to really marry me? When? When?

Never. He's kidded you five years, and he'll kid you five more. What you ought to do tonight is give him a stand-up. Do him good. Give him something to think about. Go to your sister's as you planned, and then, instead of going to the bar and meeting him, like he planned, go home and take a nice hot bath and soak the tiredness out of your feet and maybe the acid out of your heart. Soak and forget him. Forget he ever existed. A stand-up might really bring a change in him.

Maybe. There were no guarantees. For all she knew, if she stood him up, he would call the Bennett dame. Well, let him. If he wanted the blonde, he could have her. Good riddance. Stand him up. That's it. Conceited rat like that needed a little come-uppance. Do him good. She smiled to herself. She could almost see it. He would be there at the bar on Mulberry Street, having his scotch and soda, and chewing the fat with the bartender and smiling, talking easy, talking baseball, and then just before eleven-thirty, he would look at the clock and say to himself, "She'll be here any minute." And the clock would finally say eleven-thirty and he would look at it, and he would look at the door and the door wouldn't open. And then his heavy black brows would knit together, puzzled and annoyed. And then he would say to himself, "Aw, it's nothin'. She's late,

that's all. Just like a dame. She'll be here."

But he would be wrong. The clock would say 11:45, and then it would say midnight, and then he would blow up. He would blow his top. He would take his glass with the scotch in it and throw it at the clock, and all the time she would be back home in the hot tub, laughing and laughing.

At six o'clock that evening of May 28, 1959, Dorothy Chadwick arrived at the home of her sister. At about eleven, she departed. Her home was at 547 McDonald Avenue, Brooklyn, but she didn't go there. She went to Manhattan, to the lower East Side, to the bar on Mulberry Street. She got there right on the button, eleven-thirty p.m. She was at the bar, having his scotch and talking baseball, and when he saw her, he smiled his easy, sure-of-himself smile and told the bartender to get the lady a scotch.

His name was Vincent Perino, and there were some things she knew about him, and many things she didn't. He was forty, handsome in a dark, rugged, thick-browed, busted-nose way. He had a neat head. He was muscular and moved like some jungle animal. He dressed beautifully. And he ran a peanut-vending machine business.

He had a criminal record. He had been arrested a number of times. In 1943, he was grabbed for hijacking \$30,000 worth of whiskey. He did seven years at Elmira for that. In 1950, he was charged with felonious assault, but all he got for that was ninety days.

In addition to operating his peanut machines, which paid a pretty penny, Perino was part-time driver and bodyguard for Michele (Mike) Miranda. Miranda was a portly, genial man who dressed like a prosperous businessman and claimed, not without a touch of graveyard humor, that he was a salesman specializing in used ambulances and hearses. Actually, he had long been chief lieutenant to Vito Genovese, the nation's top racketeer. Not long ago Genovese was sentenced to fifteen years in Federal prison and fined \$20,000 as a key figure in a huge international narcotics combine, and the word went out in the underworld that Mike Miranda was taking over. Genovese got sprung in \$150,000 bail pending appeal, but the word was that since his fate was still up in the air, Miranda was still taking over as boss of the rackets.

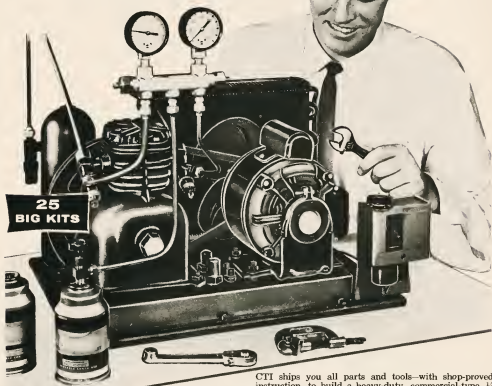
A real nice fellow, Miranda. According to testimony a year earlier, before the U. S. Senate racket committee, he was responsible for the assassination of Carlo Tresca, anti-Fascist newspaper editor, in New York on January 11, 1943. Reportedly, Miranda knocked off Tresca as a favor to Genovese who at the time was on the lam in Italy and currying favor with No. 1 Fascist, Benito Mussolini.

Just what Perino drove for Miranda wasn't clear—hearses or plain automobiles. But whatever he drove, the fact that it was for Miranda put Perino in the big time. In the circles in which he traveled, Perino was known familiarly as "Jumpy." This did not connote that Perino had frayed nerves. Far from it. The boys called him "Jumpy" because he was so quick to fight. He loved a fight.

It was different, though, when it came to women. He hated to have a row with a dame. He was always placating them.

PERINO had married his neighborhood sweetheart—a brunette—twenty-two

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years earlier. Dorothy Chadwick was only one year old when the wedding took place. So was the blonde, Diane Bennett. Like Dorothy, Diane was twenty-three. Like Dorothy, she was a beautician. And like Dorothy she believed she and Perino were engaged.

But he reportedly still lived with his wife, Bela, and their sons, one, fourteen, and one, a strapping longshoreman of twenty-one. They lived, by the way, at 141 Mulberry Street, only a bullet's throw from the bar where he and Dorothy were now having a scotch and soda.

How much, if anything, Dorothy knew of his marriage is a mystery. Perino, soul of discretion, had two addresses. The one he reserved for his extra-curricular lady friends was an eighty-dollar-a-month, one-room-and-kitchenette studio apartment at 2037 Cropsey Avenue, Brooklyn.

DOROTHY and Perino stayed in the bar until closing time, three a.m. They had been there a longish time, but neither drank much. Neither was high when they headed for Brooklyn. They went to the studio flat on Cropsey Avenue.

After a while, the phone on the night table beside the bed rang. Perino picked it up. According to Dorothy's account of the affair, related later to Kings County Assistant District Attorney Louis Ernst, Perino's caller was his blonde "fiancee," Diane. Perino tried to cover up who was calling but Dorothy, who had the sharp perception of all jealous women, was able to figure it out.

The blonde, evidently, was peeved about something. Perino talked soothingly to her. Then suddenly he said testily, "What's the matter? Did you lose money?" Then he hung up.

If he thought that by shaking the blonde he was out of hot water, he was sadly mistaken. There was now the red-head to contend with. She began grilling him about Diane. How come Diane was calling if he was through with her?

He shrugged.
Why was he so nice to the blonde?
He was only being polite, he explained. He didn't "like to be antagonistic."
In sudden fury, Dorothy strode to the door and went out. She hailed a taxi, got in and rolled swiftly away. She knew it, she knew it now, she shouldn't have met him. Him and his lies. Well, he would never see her again. Never.

BUT never is a long time. The cab had been rolling only a matter of minutes when she told the driver to halt near a garage. She got out and went into the garage, where there was a pay phone, and dropped a dime into the coin box and dialed a number. Perino's number.

He asked her to come back to him right away. He swore he would never see the blonde again.

And Dorothy fell for it.
She went back to his little hideaway, and he fed her his patented line of soft-soap. "I'm gettin' a new apartment," he said. "A new phone. Then that dame won't know where to call me."

The phone rang again.
You know who it was. He talked in riddles, but adept as he was at it, Dorothy knew who was calling.

"I felt I was being made a fool of," she was to say later.

She went across the thick, flowered rug to the kitchenette. There was a knife in the kitchenette, a six-inch, and she found it. She listened a moment. He was still on the phone, soft-soaping.

She was a big gal, but now she moved like a cat, soft in her steps as his voice was soft.

She came face to face with him. He was still chattering away with the blonde.

With a swift gesture, Dorothy Chadwick drove the knife into his chest, up to the handle.

He sunk to the bed. She yanked the phone from his hand. She yelled into it: "I hope you're satisfied! I killed him! You'll never see him again!"

He was moaning now. She cried into the phone, "Listen to him moan!" Then she put the phone down, close to his death-pale lips.

The blonde distinctly heard him gasping for breath. She dressed hurriedly and rushed from her home.

PERINO groaned, and pleaded for help.

Then hysteria and anger left Dorothy Chadwick. She ran upstairs to the apartment of the landlady, Mrs. Lillian Colletti. Mrs. Colletti phoned the police. Dorothy hurried back to Perino's apartment. She didn't want him to die. She wanted him to live.

He was still breathing. The handle of the knife rose and fell with each breath. She couldn't bear that. She went to him and with an effort clutched the handle of the knife and pulled it out.

The police arrived. Perino was removed to Coney Island Hospital where Detectives Thomas Grandinetti and Thomas Devery of the Bath Beach police station tried to question him. Perino stayed alive just fifteen minutes more. Steadfastly, he refused to put the finger on the redhead. Either out of gallantry or in deference to gangland's code, he kept insisting, "I slipped on the knife . . . I slipped on it . . ."

BACK at the apartment, as police were interrogating Dorothy, Diane Bennett arrived. The moment the two women saw each other, hate leaped into their eyes. They closed in on each other, and there was a scuffle, but police quickly pulled them apart.

At the station house, Diane related what she had heard on the phone. She told the police that Perino had been seeing her four times a week, intended to marry her and proved it by getting her an engagement ring. She added that Dorothy was a woman driven by jealousy.

Dorothy confessed the knifing, police announced, and was booked on a homicide charge.

Detectives searched Perino's hideaway and reported finding papers indicating that the hood had obtained a Mexican divorce less than a fortnight previously from his thirty-nine-year-old wife, but Bela Perino swiftly pooch-pooched that. "We were not divorced!" she exclaimed. "We weren't separated. He was not divorced from me. He came home every night. We were going to be married twenty-two years in August."

"I kind of figured he was fooling around. He used to go to the Turkish baths an awful lot. But the point was, he came home. He was a good provider. Look at my house. I don't want for anything. Neither do my kids."

The cops were inclined to go along with her. They came to the conclusion that Perino, in his own sleazy fashion, may even have been faithful to her. The Mexican divorce papers, they believed, were merely phonies, which he kept around to calm down his "fiancées."

The case of Dorothy Chadwick went



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Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

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During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

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Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

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to a grand jury which indicted her on a charge of murder in the first degree, which could mean death in Sing Sing's electric chair, if she were convicted. The girl, held at the Women's House of Detention, seemed unafraid of death.

One day, according to her attorney, Abraham Brodsky, another prisoner accidentally broke a window and Dorothy grabbed one of the fragments of glass and proceeded to slash herself with it. But the suicide attempt was foiled.

"I love him," she wailed to the lawyer later. "I still love him."

The State negated any possibility of a death sentence when Kings County Judge

Hyman Barshay, with the concurrence of Assistant D.A. Ernst, accepted her plea of guilty to first-degree manslaughter on October 19th.

On December 7th, Dorothy was sentenced by Judge Barshay to three-and-a-half to ten years at Westfield State Farm for Women. The judge said there were extenuating circumstances. Perino was a petty mobster, he said, worthless to anyone else, but a treasure to Dorothy. Still, a life was taken and the law can't overlook it.

Note: The name Diane Bennett is fictitious.

MOB LEADER AND THE BLONDE MURDER JINX

(Continued from page 17)

welfare funds, testified to a New York got jury probing welfare fund rackets. His singing produced a seventeen-count bribery conspiracy indictment against Little Augie, Scalise and Cileto, a former member of the old Capone gang who had become trustee for the social security fund of a distillery workers' union. At the time District Attorney Frank Hogan charged Saperstein paid out \$299,000 in kickbacks to Augie, Scalise and Cileto.

The indictment, however, was dismissed on a technicality. Saperstein was kept under police guard, but the broker, who was something of a playboy, evaded the guard and went out stepping with a blonde one night. Saperstein got a load on. He parked his convertible on a Newark street, and he and the blonde dozed off. A dark sedan parked nearby. Out leaped a gunman who fired four bullets into Saperstein's face. Somehow, by a miracle, Saperstein recovered.

Augie, Cileto and Scalise were grilled, but authorities let them go and turned their attention to the Midwest on the possibility that some characters there whom Saperstein had named in his kickback testimony might have had something to do with the shooting. The inquiry got nowhere.

QUEEN investigators, working on the double murder of Augie and Janice, questioned several racketeers whose names appeared in the red book, but they might as well have talked to a stone wall. Police were convinced that the phone call that threw Little Augie into a ditch at Marino's had two purposes: (1) to establish where he was, so that he could be tailed, and (2) to send him on a wild-goose chase into a secluded spot where the tailers could dispatch him with as little trouble as possible.

At the outset, police were inclined to believe that Janice was murdered merely because she happened to be with Augie when he got knocked off. The killers shot her, they assumed, to prevent her from identifying them.

The theory that there couldn't possibly be a deeper motive for Janice's murder was bolstered by what friends and relatives said about her. "She was a sweet, decent kid," said one friend. When it was pointed out that she had

been seen in questionable company, the friend shrugged and replied, "She was one of those persons who see good in everyone."

"There wasn't a bad bone in Jan's body," said another. "She was so trusting—maybe that was her trouble."

Janice's grief-stricken husband, who flew back to New York as soon as he was notified of her death, furiously denied that his wife and Augie were on a clandestine date when they were killed. To her, Augie was just "Uncle Gus."

"Janice met him through me," said Drake. "She knew he was giving me a boost in show business, and she was grateful."

"She was my drive. She used to soften me down and lower my anger. I was born an angry kid, grew up an angry guy. I'm going to see a psychiatrist again. I've got such a guilt complex. I got her acquainted with all these people."

After digging further into the case, authorities came up with a new theory about Janice.

"I don't think she was an innocent victim," observed Queens District Attorney Frank O'Connor. "She was involved directly and deeply with Pisano, and if we can find out why she was shot, we will have the key to the murders. We know that they met by appointment and their meetings were not coincidental. She had been known to have consorted with known criminals all of her life."

Asked if the blonde was "in the higher echelons of the underworld," O'Connor replied, "she is considered to have been topflight."

He added that his office was conferring with the FBI about her "possible role as a narcotics courier who allegedly delivered messages and money as well as narcotics to and from ranking mobsters." However, he said, the murders might have been linked with "the labor field."

In this connection, investigators pointed out that Saperstein had testified he had once made a union welfare fund payoff to Augie in Janice's bedroom.

The investigators, plainly floundering in the dark, also tackled the more legitimate aspects of Little Augie's business ventures, among them a lathing company in which he was a partner. However, as of this writing, none of Little Augie's activities, legitimate or otherwise, have offered a single concrete clue to the mystery of his and Janice's murders.

Only this was for sure—the good luck that had stayed with Little Augie so many years had broken at last—against the power of the jinx known as Janice. In fact, she was a jinx so potent she finally jinxed herself.



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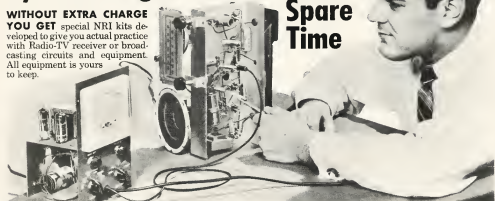
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